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OLD LETTERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YOR CLIPPER.

I'm holding in my hand a letter—
'Tis dated back five years or so—
A little, tinted, perfumed letter,
Frigid and formal as a fetter,
Commencing "Mr. Something—Sir—
Mamma desires," et cetera:
Not saying what *she* has to say.
"Yours very truly, A. M. May."

I'm holding in my hand a letter—
'Tis dated back four years or so—
A little roughly scrawled half letter;
You see, she knows me rather better—
"Dear Mr. Something," she begins—
"We're going to supper with the Llyns;
Will you go too? say yes, sir, please.
A. M. P. S.—It's going to freeze."

I'm holding in my hand a letter—
'Tis dated back three years or so—
A little nervous, make-peace letter,
I had contrived to angry get her.
"If there's a brute on earth you're one—
I'm sure I don't know what I've done;
But don't let us be bad friends, pray,
Come down to tea. Yours, Alice May."

I'm holding in my hand a letter—
'Tis dated back two years or so—
A little, heartless, foreign letter,
That with my tears was wetted wetter
Than the 'kerchief on my bed,
Was wet to ease my aching head
When I received it—for it seemed
To say "my love's a dream you've dreamed."

I'm holding in my hand a letter—
'Tis dated back one year or so—
A soul outspoken, loving letter;
Her heart is mine for worse or better.
"My dear old Willie," it commences;
And waking all my tenderest senses
Goes on to soothe my troubles o'er,
And make me love her more and more.

I'm holding in my hand a letter—
'Tis dated back a week or so—
A true and faithful woman's letter
That makes me bless the day I met her
In the rain, long years ago;
Takes the weight from off my woe,
Steeps my sinful heart in prayer
That God will bless her here and there.

THE SIN PHANTOM;

OR,

THE KEEPER'S DESTINY.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

"It was hard to give that promise," said Sydney; "the wrong was great, and the wish for revenge must have been strong."

"It preyed upon the very fibres of my heart; I could not rest or sleep; I felt no hunger, knew no fatigue; but like a famished wolf, tireless and fierce, I wandered forth with the boy. Where I went I knew not, I was mad; yet I tended Ishmael carefully, heeded his slightest cry. I wanted to be away, anywhere, anywhere out of sight, to leave the accursed spot behind me. But I could not go. I watched the cottage when poor Loo was gone. Dawn, sunset, and night saw me outside. I clung to the boy till some woman from the Hall, who had been kind to Loo through the whole time of her trouble, took him from me.

"Then, one night, when a wild storm raged in the sky, I kindled a brand and set fire to the home whose hearth was sullied forever while it stood. I saw the pyre blaze till nothing remained but a heap of blackened ashes—a ruin, a waste spot. And I trod the ashes into dust, I crumbled them in my hand, scattered them to the winds, and as they scattered, swore to have the retribution I had planned—it is more slow, more sure and terrible than a death dealt by me—and it will be done."

The swarthy face was full of stern resolve, burning with the rude, rugged poetry of thought that had prompted him to make a pyre of the sullied home.

"That is my story," he said, abruptly, "I wonder why I thought of it to-night, unless it is that the sight of you recalled the past—poor little Loo, it was hard to lose her so, was it not?"

"Very hard, Jack; you know my story, and will see its end; I wish I could shake off that presentiment."

"I have upset you, I ought to have known better."

"Nay, we are brothers in sympathy at heart—you were always true and faithful to me."

"Always, Sydney; I would die for you."

"I know it, Jack, and ever call me Sydney; let there be no lord or master between us; if there is a superiority you have it," he added, with a melancholy smile, "for you are a powerful fellow, in the meridian of leonine strength, and I am a sickly invalid, whose days are numbered."

"Don't give way, Sydney."

"I do not; I am not afraid to die, Jack. I have lived on with one hope—to see my father, feel one last kind clasp of his hand, hear him revoke his awful curse and his prophetic wish; I want no more. I can leave the rest to you."

"To me?"

"When I am gone," said lord Sydney, solemnly, "Leonora and our child will be friendless but for you. I know the world so well, Jack, that I would not trust them to its mercy."

"They shall have my devotion to the death," John Kendrake said; "and woe to him or any who would seek to injure them."

"You remember," said the invalid, leaning on the keeper's shoulder, as though his own fragile nature drew sustenance from Kendrake's strength, "how when we were boys we promised to be true each to the other."

"As we were, Sydney."

"And then I had no thought of such an occasion or a time like this; but now that it has come I feel assured I need have no misgiving. You will make Leonora and the child your care."

The forest-keeper gazed earnestly into his foster brother's countenance. He wanted to see how much of the sad presentiment of death grew from imagination over wrought—how much grew from a stern conviction that the end was near. There was no denial to the painful truth—the white shadow was there. The features, pure and colorless as marble, were marked with the fatal sign. Lord Sydney, had he been nurtured in happiness, would not have lived to be old. As it was, he had been compelled to do battle with the world—take part in the mighty struggle that is fought every day for bread; and this, with the burden of a father's curse hanging like a crushing weight upon his sensitive nature. The end was not far distant now.

"Life is very sweet to me," he said, watching the change in Kendrake's countenance, and reading therein the keeper's thought. "I do not willingly give up all hope, but to cling with despairing hopelessness to a delusive fight against the truth to the last were to be weak. I know my doom."

He dropped his voice to a whisper.

"The disease is here, in my heart's core, a cureless malady. I have lived longer than I thought to live—longer than I should have lived but for Leonora's love and the new life tendrils brought with little Alice."

"You have them still—the lady Leonora and little Alice."

"Listen, Jack; I have said life is very sweet to me; but if in fond, mad hope I waste what there is left, I should be cowardly and criminal. Whatever may occur to-night—whether my father sends for me to forgive me, or whether I go hence still accursed, I would still confide the same charge to you. Will you accept the trust? Guard my wife and child; be their friend—protector."

"I have said it, Sydney."

"It is a sacred task. I would not give it to a man less true. You know how lust of gold, ambitious greed, and passion's prompting, change man's nature. Should I be forgiven, the inheritance will revert to my wife and child. And there will be but one frail life—a child's—between the rich estate of Charnett and any who may covet it."

"If you were dying, as you fear, Sydney, my brother, you might go in peace, leaving them to me."

"So I believe, but swear it."

The sun had sank now. Dark clouds were gathering in sombre depth above, and the first pale stars were twinkling over Charnett's hills. The forest-keeper and his foster brother stood face to face, each looking at the other as men look when the soul is in the eye.

"Here as we are, with the evening skies above us, your hand in mine and mine in yours," John Kendrake said, "I swear it solemnly, by the old affection and the brotherhood between us, by your love and by your sorrow, by every sacred tie of home and faith, to guard the Lady Leonora and little Alice. To stand between them and the world, to be their shield against treachery and danger, to be their faithful friend with a devotion never changing, never dying, shall be John Kendrake's destiny. Now, so help me heaven, it is sworn."

"I am content," Lord Sydney said; "more than content. I do feel happier now than I have been for many a day. My father's curse sank deeply in my soul, and not all the love of wife and child could bring forgetfulness. I did offend him, Jack. I struck his tenderest point of pride and honor, but I have done expiation since."

"You have, indeed."

"I gave up home. I gave up name and rank. My father said I was his son no longer, and the disinherited would not urge his right to be acknowledged by the world. I went forth a stranger. I lived in obscurity, and if I have not his forgiveness, in obscurity and a stranger I would die."

"He will forgive you, Sydney. Lady Leonora must return soon, and she will bring his pardon and his wish to see you."

JAMES W. COLLIER. LEADING JUVENILE ACTOR. For Biographical Sketch see another column.

The disinherited sank into a seat, resting his brow upon his slender hand.

"Here, in this pocket-book," he said, producing one, "are proofs of our marriage. It took place in France, at Versailles; they may be wanted to prove Leonora's identity. Take care of them for her sake."

"Nay, you are her guardian yet. Keep them. I will take them at the fitting time."

"So be it. You think I shall be forgiven, Jack?"

The fear that his sire might die and leave him unforgiven haunted him.

"I am sure of it."

"I wish Leonora would come back, she has been a long time gone."

"Not very long."

"But night has come now, and she went before the sun set."

"The sun was setting, Sydney; it is more than a mile each way, and her interview with the earl may be protracted."

A horseman rode rapidly past the lodge, and as he passed called out—

'John Kendrake, you are wanted at the hall; go quickly and take the—"

The rest was indistinct. The rider went from sight like a meteor, and spurred swiftly up the village road.

"Who was that?" asked Sydney.

"Stephen Lester, the steward; he was the forest-keeper."

"He is changed; I had forgotten him. What did he say?"

"That I am wanted at the hall. I caught no more distinctly, but I think he said take the stranger with you."

"That would mean me."

"It would. Come—the earl has forgiven you, and sent a swifter messenger than Leonora; it must be so—come."

"No, she would have come back; I will wait for her. Lose no time, Jack; if my father wants to see me you return and tell me so."

"But the time then will be lost."

"I have waited so long that I can wait a little longer rather than go in doubt and come back in worse despair—go."

The keeper saw it would be useless to persuade his foster brother farther, so he took his gun and went. He did not want the weapon, but he took it by the force of habit.

"Hope," he said, turning at the door to once more clasp Lord Sydney's hand, "I shall return to take you to your father before yonder cloud has passed the hills."

He was gone. Lord Sydney stood on the threshold of the lodge to look after the stalwart form striding onwards. It went from his view, but reappeared at an ascending turn in the avenue.

The keeper looked back and waved his hand. Lord Sydney raised his in reply; another moment and John Kendrake was again lost to sight. The disinherited turned his glance towards the heavy cloud drifting slowly over the forest trees. It took a weird fantastic shape, and to his fancy looked not unlike a funeral cavalcade with sable horses and sable plumes.

"Shall I be forgiven?" he mused. "Shall I once more stand by my father's side, hear him call me Sydney as he used, see the look of love that was ever mine until the day came when he cursed me?"

He sighed sadly at the recollection; but there was no reproach in the pallid, classic face upturned towards the stars.

"It was an awful wish," he said, mournfully, "and I wish I could forget it; but the words that then rang in my ears now re-echo within me; to think that he should ask heaven to witness such a prayer—that if ever I come back to Charnett, I should die before I set foot on the threshold of his door; that the turf of this, my native place, my home, should run red with my blood."

Lord Sydney shivered as he looked at the green sward; the starlight went from it suddenly, obscured by a shadow that shut out sight of home, shut out sight of landscape, sky, and Charnett's noble range of hills.

The disinherited lifted his eyes to see whence came this darkness. He did not think when he saw the man before him that it was his death shadow which had come.

CHAPTER III.

IN THE QUIET AFTER SUNSET.

The story told by the driver of the Charnett coach to the curious passenger who rode by his side was quite as true as were his remarks upon it. The voice of nature will make itself heard in spite of pride. The proud old Earl of Charnett, now stretched upon his dying bed, had often bitterly repented the intemperate wrath that made him send his son away; for the boy's worst and only fault he had the best and oldest plea to put forth in palliation.

When Sydney was gone—an outcast, disinherited, deprived of rank and name—the earl tried to think himself injured beyond reparation. He had not sought the separation—so he argued; he had but justly punished the boy for his disobedience. Yet the quiet, inward voice of conscience would rise to ask whether Sydney had deserved a sire's curse, and the wish that, coming from a sire's lips, was in its nature so appalling.

One dark thought would come, though the old man strove hard to shut it away. What if that wish were to prove prophetic? What if heaven were to grant the impious prayer that if Lord Sydney came back to Charnett he would die before his foot could cross the threshold of the roof under which he was born? What if his blood ran red upon the soil of his native home? Earl Robert reflected on this sometimes. The awful wish made itself into a phantom and haunted him.

And he had hurled the malediction only because his son obeyed the dictates of an honorable love, and, in defiance of society, its prejudices, its empty conventionalities, its barren mockery, married one whose profession made the union a *mesalliance*. Even those who joined with Earl Robert in blaming Sydney most sincerely could not but acknowledge there was strong temptation. The lady was beautiful, her character spotless. The power of her genius and her virtues had been trumpeted throughout the world.

The old man excused his own conduct by thinking he had done no more than the duty due to ancestry, rank and position. But there was something else of which he was made aware as time wore on—the duty of a father to himself and to his son. The stately house seemed strangely desolate without the brilliant, fair, light hearted boy; the absence of his face left a wide blank at the fireside. But pride, the rich man's bitterest and most sorrowful curse, taught the earl to hide whatever mental agony he endured. He might go broken hearted to the vault that held the dust of his haughty Anglo-Norman ancestry; Lord Sydney might be a wanderer in a strange land, but an opera singer should not rule Charnett as its countess. So in his sorrow and solitude the father dwelt, forbidding any to mention Sydney's name. "I will think of him as dead," he had said, "as one to be seen nevermore on earth;" yet in the face of resolution the strong heart suffered.

It was hard to live in that grand desolation with only hirelings and strangers at hand. He was rich, and so he had enough of lip service and cringing homage. He knew their value. A word, a single line in writing would have brought back the boy for whom he often longed in secret, but the old man could not subdue the stubborn sin. Yet the incessant struggle told at last upon him. It fretted at his soul and wore existence out.

He lay there in the quiet chamber sinking day by day, and with the setting of each sun the unspoken wish for Sydney grew stronger. It wanted but a voice to urge a plea on behalf of the disinherited. The earl would have been grateful for the chance of being prevailed upon to yield. But those who would have gladly intruded dared not, and those who might have used the privilege would not. One man there was in the household who had power above the rest. This was Stephen Lester, the steward. He was apparently upon singular familiar terms with Charnett's haughty master. He could say what he liked without fear, and from the commencement of the earl's illness Lester acted for him in all things. As a matter of course he was no favorite with the humbler servants. They were jealous of his sudden rise and absolute authority.

James Bingham, the stud groom, was the only one who ever presumed to question the steward's commands. An old rivalry existed between the two, though Bingham had always been the subordinate. They had only quarreled once since Sydney's absence, though they had quarreled frequently before. On the last occasion Lester threatened the groom with dismissal, but he did not repeat the threat. Bingham laughed in his face, took him aside and whispered a few words in his ear. The steward turned pale—a savage white, as one who saw the scene described it, but ever after that he avoided an altercation. The domestics were curious to know what it could be that caused the steward, a tyrant when he dared be, to treat the stud groom with unvarying civility. Bingham kept his own counsel respecting the affair, though the prettier members of the community below stairs resorted to sundry coquettish feminine stratagems in order to break his reticence. That he held some power was evident.

When Leonora, with her child, left the lodge to proceed upon the holy mission, she went direct to Charnett Hall. A woman, however gentle and timid in herself and in her own cause, can be very brave for the sake of one she loves. The lady was perfectly aware that when her husband was exiled from home on her account, his father gave strict orders that all messengers from Sydney or herself should be refused access to him; Leonora did not heed that now, she had a sacred duty to perform. Yet her heart's pulsations quickened as her hand lifted the muffled knocker, and for a moment she could not speak to the servant who appeared at the door. The weakness passed, her voice was firm as she stated her desire.

"I will speak to Mr Lester," said the man, respectfully. "Shall I give your name, please?"

"I am Lord Sydney's wife," she said, quietly," and I have a message from my husband to his father."

The menial bowed low as he retired. Leonora had not to wait long before Stephen Lester appeared. She looked at him intently through her veil. He was a tall and portly man of middle age, and his countenance wore a hard, stern expression; it was in some degree a handsome face, but marred by deep lines of lurking craft.

"You wish to see his lordship?" he said, in a cool, decisive tone, not entirely without an involuntary deference forced from him by her queenly aspect.

"I do."

"Yet, madam, you cannot but be aware that the nature of his lordship's instructions forbid me to make your request known."

"I must see him," said Leonora with a calm resolve, for her spirit rose instinctively against the man; "take me to his chamber."

"I cannot, madam—I dare not."

Her resolution seemed to make him ill at ease.

"Then I will find the way," she said, "and so you will not have the risk of any consequence likely to arise from an act of disobedience on your part."

"Madam," he said respectfully, but with determination, "I must do my duty. I trust you will exonerate me if I persist in it; but the earl is in a dangerous state and a sudden shock would prove fatal."

"I come from Lord Sydney," she said, pleadingly. "I bring a message—a prayer from a son, who may be dying, to a dying father. You will not stay me."

"Pardon me, madam, I must do my duty."

He stood before her, barred her way, and held his ground in spite of the haughty gesture that followed her appeal.

"Is there no one to help me?" she asked half aloud, while little Alice stood clinging to her hand, "none of all who knew and loved Lord Sydney to intercede for him?"

At this instant James Bingham crossed the hall; he heard the speaker's voice, and recognized her as she raised her veil. Leonora turned to him hopefully; she knew him as a faithful servant to her husband.

"You," she said, "you will help me?"

The stud groom looked from one to the other, and by the attitude of each seemed to read what had passed; he bent his head very low to Leonora. Then he placed his strong hand heavily on Lester's shoulder, and said, "Stand aside."

"James Bingham!" exclaimed the steward, "you know as well as I what his lordship's orders are."

"What?"

"That this lady, Lord Sydney's wife, must not be admitted."

The groom did not stay to argue; his hand, going from Lester's shoulder to his breast, forced him back.

"Stephen Lester," he said, gazing at him steadily, "her ladyship *shall* see my master. I say it, and will take her to him."

The steward gnashed his teeth.

"At your peril, Bingham."

"Interrupt her at yours—back—a step to stop her and—"

The motion of his muscular arm raised in menace finished the sentence. Had Stephen Lester moved he would have been stricken to the floor.

"Now follow me, my lady," Bingham said, while the steward, with a savage whiteness on his face, stood still in impotent rage. "Let Stephen Lester say what he may, the earl shall see Lord Sydney's messenger."

Leonora followed him gratefully. He led her to a chamber and opened the door softly; as he was retiring Leonora gave him her hand.

"I cannot thank you now," she murmured.

"I want no thanks. I could do more than what I have done for Master Sydney."

He touched the soft gloved hand with reverence and retired.

"One faithful heart," thought Leonora, as she entered the sick chamber; "all is not lost yet."

The physician who was by the bedside put his finger to his lip enjoining silence. Earl Charnett had been sleeping, but low as were the voices outside the door, and noiselessly as the lady stole over the carpet, he awoke. An expression changing from surprise to recognition, then to pleasure, swept over the old patrician's face, round which the long white hair fell as he started from the pillow and outstretched both his hands.

"He has come," he said, eagerly, "he has come—my son—Sydney—I knew he would."

Leonora knelt by the bedside with a cry of joy. Earl Charnett motioned the physician away and placed his hand caressingly on Leonora's head. Pride was all subdued now. The unexpected advent of his son's wife and child brought back every association so hallowed in the past. The one thought was for Sydney—to forgive him and recall the curse.

"I do not wonder that he disobeyed me," he said, gazing kindly at the beautiful creature who knelt there with Alice. "The sin was mine not to forgive him."

"Then he is forgiven—oh! thank heaven! It will be life to him. Let me go for him." He would not come, my lord; he is too proud to be sent back again."

"My poor boy—poor Sydney, I have repented a thousand times. I would to heaven you had come before."

Leonora echoed the wish most fervently. She was a proud woman—proud as the old man lying there before her; and her proudest sense had been hurt by his injustice to the man she loved. But in that moment when the earl spoke of forgiveness she wept with very joy, thinking of the glad tidings she would have to tell Lord Sydney.

"Let me fetch him," she said; "let him know his happiness. My lord, my father, it has been his dearest dream that such an hour should come. He cannot know his happiness too soon."

"Nor can I; but I must not lose you again. He shall find you here, it is your place, and I have quicker messengers. That bell."

It stood on a table near. Leonora touched it and the metallic note struck by its silver tongue had not ceased to vibrate when an attendant came. It was Stephen Lester. Whatever evil thoughts were in his mind he kept down. Nothing appeared in eye, on lip, or brow but the respectful, quiet solicitude of a devoted servant for his master.

"My lord," he said, and waited.

"Mr. Lester, come here. This is my daughter, wife to my only son, and he is coming home. I know that gives you pleasure, Lester—does it not?"

"The deepest, my lord. There is not a servant in the house but will welcome him gladly."

"There, my child," said the earl to Leonora, "they have not forgotten him in spite of their master's anger. Haste, take horse and go for him; he is—where, my child, where? I know he is near, but this has come so suddenly upon me that I had forgotten to ask where."

"At the keeper's lodge, with his foster brother, John Kendrake."

"Then haste, good Lester, ride hard and tell John Kendrake to bring his master here, for Sydney *is* master now. Thank heaven, it is not too late. I have been afraid to repent and do justice. Go, good Lester, send them both here and then ride on for Reuben Uxley. I shall want him to-night."

He sank back on the pillow here. The intense excitement was too much for him and a red foam came to his lips. Leonora ran to the balcony. The physician, who knew the imminent danger of his patient, had gone no farther and he came immediately in answer to her word. Not ten seconds had elapsed. The heavy curtains had scarcely time to fall behind Leonora are they were parted again as she re-entered with the doctor. Yet there was time for something to be done.

A minute globule dropped from the steward's finger into a glass of medicine that stood ready for the patient. The tiny atom melted as it touched the liquid. Leonora found Stephen Lester bending over the earl with much concern. The doctor's countenance was very grave. He glanced at Earl Charnett's pallid face. He placed his fingers on the low faint pulse.

"Lady," he said solemnly, "if there is aught to be done—peace to be made with Heaven or man—let no time be lost."

Leonora gripped Lester's wrist and whispered one word,

"Go."

He understood her, cast one hurried glance at his master, and went to ride for Lord Sydney and Reuben Uxley.

"Is it so near?" asked the lady.

"It will be ended before dawn," was the reply. "Hush now. Say nothing to disturb or to excite him. This draught may give him strength for some few hours to come."

Quite innocent of what had been done to the draught, he administered it, while Leonora supported the sick man's head. He breathed heavily and unclosed his eyes.

"Hamilton," he said, with a smile, "I am better. I am sure of it. My son is coming. Not all your medicine can give me such strength as will one look at him. But you are dead. Is it—"

Interpreting the sympathetic sorrow in the doctor's gaze, he said no more. The hope faded with a single sharp, short pang, and resignation came.

"Well," he said, lowly, "God has been merciful in sparing me so long. I shall see my son. Take from his head the bitter, sinful curse, and give him my tenderest blessing. I always loved him, Hamilton, but the stubborn pride born in me made me stern. Tell me, doctor, the truth. Think you, for I have no fear now, shall I have time?"

"To make peace above, to see Lord Sydney here—yes—but—"

"Say it; he must come quickly."

Doctor Hamilton bowed his head. Earl Charnett breathed an earnest, silent prayer; he knew the worst.

"My child," he said to Leonara, "give me your little one; come, darling, closely—so; I cursed your father, but here by this kiss the cruel curse and impious wish that went up from my tongue were revoked in my inmost soul; tell him so, my child, if—if he should come too late."

The last words were addressed to heaven. Little Alice, wondering at what she saw but with a child's sweet instinct for affection, understanding the old man's love, nestled down to him.

"Would I had a few years of the past to live again," he said, "a few years that did seem so long in passing but now as I look back upon them seem but days. My love for Sydney should be so proved that he should quite forget I had been unkind. He is coming, though, at last. It's not far to the lodge? Has the sun gone down?"

The physician drew the curtains aside.

"I see it has. How beautiful the old hills look with the deep red glow behind them; open the curtains wide; don't light the lamp; let me see my old home by the starlit skies only. And Sydney—Sydney. Doctor, I cannot see—is this sleep or death?"

"Sleep," said the doctor, holding his patient's wrist. "It is exhaustion, nothing more."

"I shall wake again."

"When the faintness is gone."

"Thank God—to see Sydney. My child."

"My father."

"Hallowed, for those who love each other grow alike; I trace a tone of his voice in yours, a look of his in your face. My poor girl, I was unkind to you."

Leonora kissed him reverently, and rested her cheek lightly on his breast.

"This little one," he said, struggling to overcome the lethargy creeping upon him, "what is her name?"

"Alice."

"It was his mother's. That was a tender thought, to keep his mother's name in spite of his father's anger. Alice; and she is like Sydney, fair and gentle, with such silken, amber tresses as I can remember he had in childhood. Alice, Sydney and you—all my children. The old man will not die alone after all."

His voice grew faint and fainter yet, till it sank into a whisper.

"Doctor," he said, and Hamilton bent low to catch the sound, "bear witness to this. Sydney is Lord of Charnett. I leave all to him and his—my children here—his wife and little ones. And—and—you are sure I shall wake again?"

"When you have rested, and the sooner if you sleep now."

"My old friend would not deceive me—would not. To wake, wake—not die, Sydney—Alice. A tender thought. Alice, his mother's name. Sydney, coming, coming."

Then the whisper sighed out too. He slept, leaving much unspoken. He made an effort to point at something in the chamber; a heavy cabinet they thought it was, but his arm fell and kept them in doubt.

And so in the quiet of sunset he slumbered, with Leonora watching him, and little Alice by his side. The star that Sydney saw from the lodge was twinkling on, and the cloud that drifted slowly over Charnett's hill loomed above the group, the dying sleeper and the quiet watchers waiting for the forgiven outcast to come.

CHAPTER IV.

THE RED TRAIL ON THE SWARD.

It was after Stephen Lester rode past the keeper's lodge, and while Lord Sydney stood at the door alone waiting for his foster brother to return, that the steward, going up the village road, saw a stranger, who at his approach had evidently stopped to look at him. Lester slackened pace involuntarily. The stranger was vaguely familiar to an extent that troubled him.

"Now, where have we met before?" the steward thought; "or have we never met, and is it fancy only?"

That it was not fancy was proved beyond a doubt by the first words the stranger uttered.

"You ride well, Stephen Lester, for a man of weight; and whatever may be upon your mind does not affect your habit." And he laughed.

The laugh, cold, hard and short, without mirth or music in it, was more familiar than the voice, and the steward reined in; the stranger placed his hand carelessly upon the bridle. Carelessly it seemed, but had the steward attempted to ride on he would have found himself a captive for the time.

"I know you," he said, speaking lowly, and in his cheek there was the strange gray white that invariably came to him with any strong emotion.

"Why, yes, men of our kind do not forget each other easily; and some things there are that fix time, and place, and person in the memory—where were you going?"

"To fetch Reuben Uxley."

"Who is wanted by Earl Charnett. This may be a bad night's work for both of us, Stephen."

"Why?"

"That is right—try cheat and subterfuge. You cannot understand. The earl will reinstate Lord Sydney, and you have nothing to fear. It will not be difficult to render a just account of the Charnett stewardship."

They were walking slowly towards the lawyer's house—no sounds to be heard save their own voices and the soft trample of the horses feet—no human beings save themselves in sight.

These two men in that quiet country town could think their devilry and hint dark sin without fear of being overheard; each was on his guard—neither could trust the other yet.

"Would it not," asked the steward with a desperate attempt at self-possession, "be better, Michael Ewrick, to be frank?"

"How frank? I think I give promise of sufficient candor. You seek to hide your thought."

"Meeting you here has so surprised me that I have no thought yet."

"Come," said Michael Ewrick, "we make progress. You have spoken a bit of truth, I will add a morsel to it; you never expected to see me here again; my appearance may possibly be inimical to your interests."

"How should it?"

The steward confined himself to questions up to this time; he did not like to venture out of his mental depth.

"How should it?" echoed the other, "we are cautious; suppose we put it in this wise—there is a steward to a rich estate whose master, having disinherited the heir and being sick to apathy, does not demand a strict rendering of accounts. The revenue is vast, limitless almost; the steward has authority, power—his position must be lucrative."

"Well?"

"Then the disinherited returns, to be forgiven—it would be awkward now were he to ask a rendering of the account neglected by his father."

"Very awkward, indeed; as awkward as it would be to Michael Ewrick were the old man to live, undo what he had done, destroy the will made in favor of the nearest kinsman and reinstate the son."

The speaker looked at Michael with dark significance, and Ewrick said, reflectively,

"Were the old man to live—what does that mean?"

"This—not half an hour ago the physician said that if the earl had aught to do, peace to make with Heaven or man, it must be done quickly; he will not see the dawn."

"Ha!"

"And then," added Stephen Lester, in a tone whose peculiar meaning could scarcely be mistaken, "the physician, though a very skilful gentleman, did not know exactly how bad his patient was."

"Is there a chance then?" asked Michael, and sinister eye met eye as sinister, "that death will come before the work is done?"

"Before all is finished; but something is done already; the Lady Leonora—"

Michael caught the name, and said it under his breath—he spoke it in a whisper, quivering with intense passion.

"Leonora."

"And her child—"

"Her child and *his*—malediction on him! Would I could curse him with the blight of death!"

He broke from this strain abruptly, and said between his teeth,

"Well—Leonora and her child?"

"Are by the earl's bedside—reconciled. I was dispatched to send Lord Sydney and his foster brother there. I gave the message and they are doubtless on the way."

Ewrick turned the fierce light of his large black orbs in the direction of the lodge. He saw the forest keeper's stalwart form striding on towards the house.

"John Kendrake—unaccompanied," he said.

"Then they misunderstand my message. I gave it as I rode past, and they, perhaps, only heard one name."

"Kendrake's?"

"It must have been so."

"Then he, Sydney," hissed Michael, "is at the lodge—*alone*."

"Where he will wait until Kendrake returns for him."

Ewrick's hand went with nervous indecision to his breast—to something hidden there. He hesitated—irresolute between an intent respecting Sydney and a desire to hear more from Stephen Lester.

"Lester," he said at length, with his hand closed like steel over the hand of him to whom he spoke, "if we understand each other, as I think we do, this night's work may do much."

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1867.

NOTICE.

To Subscribers and Advertisers.

As a standing and general answer to the many correspondents who write us for information on these subjects, we beg leave to submit the following rates:—

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Single Copy	10 cents	Subscription per annum	$5 00
To Wholesale Dealers	6¼ "	" for 6 months	2 50
To Retail Agents	7 "	" for 3 months	1 25

To clubs of four or more, a deduction of 50 cents will be made from each annual subscription. Subscribers in Canada and the British Provinces, $1 per annum extra, to cover postage.

ADVERTISING.—Twelve cents per line for each and every insertion; for dramatic notices from other papers, incorporated in our summary, 25 cents per line; a liberal deduction will, however, be made for advertisements when paid for three or six months in advance. Day of publication Tuesday of each week. Communications, to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday, if possible. As the business of the CLIPPER is conducted on the CASH principle, payment in advance for both subscription and advertising is insisted upon. All letters and communications for any and every department of this paper must, to insure attention, be addressed only to FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor, 22 Spruce street, New York.

To Correspondents.

BOND, Tuckerton, N. J.—"A, B, C and D are playing seven up; A and B have the deal, and stand at 6 to C and D's 5. In playing out the hand, B makes his Jack and claims to be out, although an examination of the hands shows that C holds both high and low. C claims that high and low put him out, always counting before Jack. B insists that the neglect to call his high and low, and the fact that he made his Jack before he did so, entitles him to the game. The result of the dispute is a bet left to your decision."......B is wrong, and C goes out first, as high and low are counted before Jack, whether Jack has been played or not. When Jack is turned up as trump it is scored at once but when made in play it cannot be scored until high and low have been counted.

J. S. K., New Orleans.—We have aided many performers from your section, and done much towards bringing them properly before the Northern people; the party you refer to is an exception, we admit; but he went far out of his way to assail and injure the very men who had befriended him when he needed friends. We honor a man who helps by his person and his purse the cause he professes to have espoused, but we have no respect for one who leaves his friends to fight their own battle, while he, safe in foreign parts, assails with venomous tongue those who never gave him the least cause for his hostility.

YALE OARSMAN, New Haven, Conn.—There were two races between Harry Kelley and Jimmy Hamill in England, the first one a right away race of 4 miles, 755 yards, £250 a side, July 4, 1866, won by Kelley—time, 33 minutes 29 seconds; the second, 2½ miles to a stake boat and return, £250 a side, July 5, 1866, also won by Kelley—time, about 36 minutes. Hamill was allowed £100 for expenses.

BROOKFIELD.—"When 7-30 bonds are quoted at 107 would I have to pay $107 for a $100 bond?"......Yes. The accrued interest, should there be any, goes with the bond to the purchaser, in which case the actual cost of the bond is so much less than the quoted rate.

[illegible] right bower when wins?"...... It does not call for it unless the player has no other trump in hand; if he holds other trumps he can play any one he pleases.

READER, Sarnia.—"A and B are playing straight poker. A bets that a straight or routine counts, whether specified or not. B bets that it does not count unless agreed upon and specified before the play is commenced."......Straights do not count unless specified.

J. B. McG., Detroit.—1. The present Emperor Napoleon resided in New York and Hoboken when in this country, we believe. He may possibly have resided in Brooklyn also, but of that we are not sure. 2. We have never heard of his having followed any trade.

READER, Racine.—We have no recollection of ever having seen a challenge issued by Master Barney to dance Tommy Peel for the championship. When we saw Master Barney dance, we did not consider him equal to Peel either for grace, or execution of difficult steps; he may have greatly improved since then.

A. H. AND J. McD.—W. H. Decker and James Lee rowed their match from Castle Garden, around Bedloe's Island and back, in July, 1851, Lee putting up $500 against Decker's $400—it ended in a draw, but was not satisfactory to either party.

A BET.—"Brutus" was written by John Howard Payne, and was originally performed at Drury Lane Theatre, London, Eng., in 1818. Was first produced in this country by C. Pitt, at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in 1847.

F. C. W., Lexington, Ky.—Barney Frain defeated Jack Grady in 13 rounds, on Long Island, August 26, 1858, and Tom Bradshaw, in 42 rounds, July 23, 1859, at Little Falls. This is all we know about him.

F. C.—We have been told that on two or three occasions English yachts have crossed the Atlantic, but we cannot specify how often; neither can we give names or dates. We cannot decide your bet.

ELECTION, Indiana.—We have no time to answer correspondents by mail; the bet stands, because it cannot be drawn except by mutual consent, and as the Republican ticket was elected by over 200 majority, the party so betting wins.

WARD 18.—There are a number of books published on sparring, but none on wrestling, in this country. You had better go at once to a teacher, as book learning don't amount to much in that kind of biz.

T. C., New Orleans.—Four aces beat four queens at poker. The party holding the four queens, who contends that the holder of the aces loses because he bets on a certainty, makes himself ridiculous by such argument.

SCALLOPS.—"At a raffle for a turkey, the winner was to treat the party. W throws 41; H has two throws, but buys W's throw for a dollar. Who is to treat the party?"......H treats the crowd, as he buys the perquisites as well as the throw.

E. C. S., Quincy, Ill.—"A and B are playing a two handed game of seven up. Game stands six and six. A deals and turns Jack. B holds the ace. Who wins?"......A wins; when Jack is turned up it is scored immediately.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER, N. Y.—Yes; five card cribbage also differs from six in that the hands are not played farther after making the first "go" or thirty-one; whereas in six card the hands are all played out. See Hoyle or some other authority on the game.

RAG PICKER, St. Louis.—1. No horse ever ran a mile in a minute. 2. The English sporting papers give Gladiateur's time in the Two Thousand Guineas Race, 1 mile 17 yards, as 1 minute 39 seconds.

CONSTANT READER.—If you were regularly engaged by the proprietor you had better give your claim to one of our express companies for collection, since your letters have failed to receive attention.

ON THE SQUARE.—The point should be decided before commencing the game; with some players the dealer has that privilege; with others he has not; either way is thought to be correct. The bet should be drawn.

S. S. PURDY, Trenton, N. J.—If the string was short the game should have been resumed, notwithstanding that game had been mistakenly called by the game-keeper.

J. L., Chicago.—If it is agreed that the highest card deals in a game of euchre, the party cutting the Jack wins, as it counts higher than the ace.

PITTSBURGH.—Meerschaum pipes are made from a kind of silicious clay. The idea of their being made from the foam of the sea is a fallacy.

PARISIAN.—Good artists in your line of business are sometimes in great demand; at present, business is dull everywhere, and we cannot give you much encouragement.

J. B. T., Gloucester Co., N. J.—Twenty miles in harness have been trotted by Trustee, Lady Fulton and Capt. Gowan—time, 59:35½; 59:55; 58:25.

SPORT, Bangor, Me.—See advertisement of cock spurs in another column. The advertiser will also give you the required information as to length, etc.

W. A. G., Philadelphia.—1. We really cannot decide as to the best. 2. Washington street, Boston. 3. Twelve cents per line, with 20 per cent off when paid three months in advance.

VENTRILOQUIST, Philadelphia.—We have no record of the lady's arrival in this country. We saw her name in the London *Era* some five months ago as then performing in England.

G. T. M.—In three handed euchre, when two players go out at the same time, although their previous counts may have been different they divide the money.

F. C. C., Chicago.—1. Have lost track of Addie. 2. See dramatic summary for Sam's whereabouts. 3. She is at present in England.

E. K. M., Buffalo.—They are both young in the profession and as we have never seen either "strut his hour on the stage," we are unable to decide your bet.

L. D., Philadelphia.—The "picker up" has to go an average of 100 yards for every potato, presuming him to start one yard from the first "Irish orange."

GREENVILLE.—We are told that George was born in Troy, N. Y. Cannot say whether he is of Irish extraction or not.

H. G. O., Peoria.—You can obtain a sugar scale by writing to Christian Storm, 152 William street, New York.

BROOKLYN.—1. The cards named count twenty, viz., eight by fifteens and twelve for double pair royal. 2. Yes, the dealer can give him out at all fours. 3. The highest quotation for gold occurred, we believe, on July 11, 1864, when 285 were the figures.

P. C., Govenstown.—Your proper name should be given; it is not likely, however, that the challenge would be accepted, as the gentleman named does not make matches, but uses his horses merely for pleasure.

H. C. B., Mooresville, Ala.—1. Will show your question to an expert, and give you the result next week. Rules differ in various localities. 2. Your items will be welcome, and doubly so if you "bar out niggers and politics."

FRANKFORD, Canada West.—With some players the dealer can go alone when his partner assists; with others he has not that privilege; if he goes alone, and makes all the tricks, he is entitled to four points.

H. H. K. W., Milwaukee.—We do not know the address of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

J. G., Philadelphia.—Your decision was perfectly correct. It is the shooter's lookout to have his gun cocked.

S. A. C., Hudson.—We think you will be on the safe side if you hold on to your money.

WASHINGTON SPORTSMAN.—Pocahontas paced a mile in 2:17½; Dexter trotted the same distance in 2:18.

A REFORMED BUTCHER.—The Brum did not play for his own "sugar"—Cleaver and Parker backed him.

J. G.—Johnny McGlade and Pat McBride once had a turn-up in Chicago.

JAMES WARD, Philadelphia.—The letter is for James Ward, minstrel performer.

PAT., Cleveland.—That is her maiden name. She was for a long time attached to the Boston Museum.

E. J. H., Waterford.—Geo. Topley walked eight miles in 58 minutes 37 seconds in England.

BANJO, Evansville, Ind.—You will find them advertised in our paper.

CONSTANT READER, Elmira.—Your communication was mailed too late to be of any use to us.

J. O. J., Leon, Ia.—Shall be glad to hear from you when convenient.

J. A. B., Binghampton.—Do you mean by man, horse, boat, or what? Name your object, and then we may be able to inform you.

JAS. C., Pittsburgh, Pa.—Some of our advertisers may accommodate you—we do not keep such things for sale.

JOHN DOE, Troy.—The play has been advertised in our paper for several weeks past. See Rivers' advertisement.

TOM O'B.—The Hon. John Morrissey was not carried out of the ring in his fight with Frank Ambrose *alias* Yankee Sullivan.

PETE, Washington.—The metre is not regular; neither are the rhymes of reasonable fitness.

SUBSCRIBER, Augusta.—Write to any of the costumers in this city. They can supply you with what you want.

A TEACHER.—1. The lady has been married but once. 2. We have always heard her well spoken of in private life. 3. They were.

PAUL, Elmira.—Cyrus W.'s residence in this city is No. 84 East 21st street.

H. J. R.—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean were the original Alfred Evelyn and Clara Douglas in "Money" in this country.

AMRY.—"Still Waters Run Deep" is the title that the author, Tom Taylor, gave the piece, and not "Still Water Runs Deep."

HAWKEYE, Chicago.—Shall be pleased to hear from you. Mail your letter on Friday morning.

W. H. D.—Your advertisement makes thirteen lines and for thirteen insertions, payable in advance, will cost you $16.

J. G. S., Saint Paul.—The report was untrue, as you may have since seen by our paper.

G. W., Bushville.—We should recommend you not to part with your money.

G. W. H., Meadville.—Some of our advertisers may have copies for sale. We have not.

CARLOS, Cincinnati.—Kelley is not Champion of America because he never defeated our Champion on American waters.

T. B., Boston.—We don't know anything about the society.

CHATTERBOX.—See elsewhere. Again, if you please.

BARNEY TRAIN.—Send for a letter.

LARRY HEALY.—Where shall we send your letter.

JERRY DONOVAN.—A letter for you.

JIM FRAWLEY.—And you.

G. B. A.—Lotta is not married.

S. P. S., Harrisburg.—We never give such certificates.

D. A. W.—Will probably soon appear.

W. B. H.—Remit $3.50 and it will be O. K.

CONSISTENCY.—Your question will be answered next week.

A GRAND NATIONAL SKATING TOURNAMENT is announced to take place on the 28th inst., on the Central Skating Park, Pittsburg, Pa., for prizes of $400 and $300 in greenbacks and a champion medal, to be competed for by experts of both sexes. As skating is now *the* popular out of doors sport, and locomotion on the "sliding irons" all the rage, this tournament will elicit considerable interest, both local and general, and should ice and weather prove favorable, a large attendance may be reasonably [illegible] specifications and other particulars [illegible]

THAT PRESENTATION FESTIVAL hangs fire. The drawing was to have commenced on the 14th. It is now postponed to the 28th. Considering the "respectability" of the parties under whose auspices the affair was started, and successfully carried out to the selling of all the tickets, the postponing business does not look right. Isn't it about time that Crosby announced another postponement?

THE ADAMS EXPRESS CO.'S Employees Association hold their second annual ball at the New York Assembly Rooms on Thursday evening, 17th inst., and it will doubtless be a brilliant and fashionable affair. Thos. J. Riley is the President, and W. S. Hawley, Secretary.

CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.—A woman of this State, recently deceased, was married three times, and each time, we are told, her husband's name was Thompson. And it was also remarkable that each Thompson had a p.

WATER VS. WHISKEY.—Philadelphia used 10,614,466 gallons of water last year. They have not yet finished counting up the whiskey used in the same time, owing to the great quantity consumed.

BUGLES.—An exchange says:—"There is a bashful bachelor who dares not meet ladies in the street. He says they wear so many bugles on their dresses that he fears overtures from them." Why don't he *blast* the bugles?

FAST TIME.—It is stated that last winter the ice boat Snow Flake, going north from Newburgh dock, on the Hudson river, with wind on the beam, ran *nine miles in eight minutes!*

JUST SO.—Since the failure of Head Centre Stephens to come up to the scratch, the wearing of the *green* among the duped Fenians seems more apparent than ever.

SHE HAS RECOVERED.—Late advices from Europe bring us the intelligence that Maximillian's Empress had nearly recovered. Is it not possible that her malady may have been a Charlotte ruse?

HOW IS IT?—A learned legal gentleman remarks that "words are but the froth of thoughts." We supposed they were the froth of women.

A PROVERB says that "a hasty man never wants woe." But a hasty horse does, might have been added with as much truth.

STATE PRISON reform is a subject of discussion in New Jersey. In this city Common Council reform is the subject.

OUR DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

JAMES W. COLLIER.

The subject of this sketch was born in this city in 1836, and is what is known as a self-made man. At the early age of sixteen he was placed at the engineering and machine business. He remained at this business but a short time, but gave great promise of future distinction. But, notwithstanding his brilliant prospects—being too young to appreciate, and blinded by a latent dramatic fervor, he, like all youths with such expectations, disregarded the counsels of family and friends. He soon found out the abiding place of the Murdoch Dramatic Association—which Association has given to the stage more good actors and actresses than any other organization in the country. He joined his fortunes with this Company, and became a regular Murdochonian. Before he was eighteen years old he played with considerable *eclat* the Stranger, and many other leading *roles*. Encouraged by the praises of his brother actors, he determined to adopt the stage as a profession; and leaving the mechanical bench, at nineteen years of age he made his *debut* on a regular stage at the Newark, N. J., Theatre, in the drama of "La Tour de Nesle." Since then he has played in all the principal cities in the Union, and has had offers, we are informed, for engagements abroad. His first appearance in this city was at Niblo's, in 1859, as Rolando, with Charlotte Cushman; and for the past five seasons he has been in the stock, winning golden opinions from the regular *habitues* of that popular establishment, as the leading juvenile man. In this position he has thoroughly ingratiated himself with the public. Since the present season commenced he has been traveling through the country with Miss Maggie Mitchell, who he has supported in all her pieces. It is his intention, we hear, to accompany Miss Mitchell on a professional tour through England, which we hope will prove every way successful for the sake of Mr. Collier, who is a rising young man in his profession. In the business of his profession he is proverbially correct, and the versatility of his practice enables him to fulfil a large round of characters with credit and effect. Mr. Collier is possessed of an expressive countenance, and he has those qualifications of education and gentlemanly deportment which the admirers of the drama desire to be more abundant on our boards, that the followers of Roscius may escape the effects of the censure so indiscriminately meted out to them, and which so often creates the very evils it would check.

EXHIBITION GYMNASTIQUE.—Messrs. Hillebrand and Lewis, proprietors of the leading gymnasium in the City of marble stoops and white shutters, purpose holding their ninth annual exhibition at the Academy of Music on the evening of the 30th inst. The entertainments of this gymnasium have always afforded the fullest satisfaction, and from the patronage so liberally bestowed in former years, we doubt not the coming show will prove a success in every particular.

SPORT AT THE CITY HALL.

"Pistols and Inkstands for Two."

A LIVELY DISCUSSION.

JIMMY LONG SHIES A 2lb INKSTAND AT JIM BRINKMAN.

The good old days when the Board of Aldermen had their "Tea Room" in Chambers street, not far from Burton's old Theatre, now devoted to courts, bureaus, local political offices, etc., sinecures for broken down or aspiring politicians, are almost forgotten in the hubble bubble, toil and trouble of the Kilkenny cat-like tendencies of those anxious to serve their country and city by accepting a position in the government of the greatest city in the wide wo-r-r-ld. In the Tea Room days our City Fathers, instead of leading a dog-eat-dog sort of existence, used to meet, as one man, and over a cup of tea, or something stronger, plan out their "fat jobs" and divide the spoils, share and share alike, as Sam Collyer has agreed to do with Johnny McGlade in the matter of stakes vs. ropes, in their pending suit for the 15th. Would that we (or *they*, rather, for the CLIPPER crowd are barred out, although, around election time, they all want us to go our length for their election), were the same to-day, for by this means none would be any the wiser for the little jobs given out, and the big money made therein by those very learned and respectable bodies of men known as the Board of Aldermen and the Board of Councilmen. Time was when all could agree, provided they got their rake, and while, for the sake of appearances, they would bandy words or indulge in a little conversation not exactly parliamentary when in session in the Tea Room they were all one Happy Family, as docile and tractable as the Phineas collection under the soothing influence of a d. d. of chloroform, their animus being operated upon in almost a similar manner by that great antidote for all ills—peppermint. Things have changed since William Henry died (can any of our readers tell who the aforesaid W. H. was?) and are not "as they used to was."

This train of thought—we believe that's what they call it—forced itself upon us after perusing that sheet, of whose "mysterious influence" we hear so much but see so little in its account of the sparring exhibition (using words instead of Glover's gloves) at the second meeting of the Board of Councillors, sometimes called Common Scoundrels by papers who do not get the Corporation advertising, on the 10th day of the first month, Anno Domini, 1867, the proceedings as convened in Chambers in the hall. We take an interest in this body of philosophers because of their promptness, integrity, etc., particularly the e t c., as in the case of the New Court House, the Battery Enlargement, and so forth, and find words of wisdom and crumbs of comfort in doing so.

The Old Board left the city in a flourishing condition of empty chequery, but failed otherwise in distinguishing themselves and handing down their names to posterity. Not so with the New; they have commenced in earnest, and intend to fight it out on that line if it takes all winter, barring gubernatorial interference. Many of the Councillors are sports, have been sports, and will continue sports as long as they have the cash on hand to be so. Johnny Stacom is a "regular," so is Soldier Flynn, as also Barney Kenney, of 16 Hose, ditto Dutchy O'Brien, a Fourteenth Warder, and many others we could name, but the two who have most distinguished themselves are Jim Brinkman and Jimmy Long—they just take 'em all down. The boys know this full well, and knowing, expect them to act as such. Both are fond of a good horse and a good dog. Brink goes in for the play acting kind of heavy calibre and tragedy-fame, as Charley Fox can tell you, or George Thompson, while Long prefers the under-shot, bow-legged species, capable of killing his 100 rats in six minutes, or fighting two hours without a turn, as Jake Roome can testify, if put under oath. Brink was a fireman under the old system, and wore the white front and carried the trumpet for 19's fellers—so was Long in the same capacity for 21 Hose, and loud are the praises sung in his favor by the b'hoys of the First Ward. Brink is a good looking chap of some 5 ft. 9 in. in stature, and 160 lbs avoirdupois, with a sporting moustache and imperial. Long is of lesspretentious mould, less in stature and less in weight, with a roan colored moustache and a knowing look. In age they are perhaps an even match, but in politics they are as adverse as the feline and canine species.

In numbers the Councillors are 25, twelve on a side, and it was who should hold the balance of power which brought about the memorable *faux pas* on Thursday last. Brink, they say, had pledged himself to the Dimocracy, and was counted in by that faction; but in the stillness of night he deserted the camp and went over to the enemy for the consideration of being made Boss Councillor by the Rads. The Dims knew not of this, and relied on him as one of them, but soon found out their error, and suspecting something would come out of it, there was as big a crowd at the Hall as assembled at Johnny McGlade's benefit, and of a like character, who went there to see some fun, and they saw it, as the sequel will show.

As the story goes, Brinkman's conscience told him there was likely to be a muss, and instead of showing a bold front he entered the chamber by the private door, and sent around for five able bodied clubbists to preserve the peace. It was evident when the roll was called that the "boys" came there to kick up, and it required but a motion of any kind to start the ball. What that motion was we neither know nor care, but it started the fun by an angry discussion between Soldier Flynn, Johnny Stacom and Andy Hartman. The motion having been declared carried, amid the the greatest confusion, by the President, Jim Brinkman, Andy Hartman "appealed" by calling Jim a perjurer and scoundrel. Other motions were brought up and "carried," after which Soldier Flynn moved that when the Board adjourn, it adjourn to meet in two weeks from that time, which was carried. Some of the members misunderstood the character of the motion and rose from their seats, thinking that the Board [illegible] journed, which was not the case. Jimmy Long [illegible] lifted a two pound iron-bound inkstand, which was on his desk, and hurled it at the head of President Jim, accompanying the act by the remark, "Take that, you scoundrel." Brinkman thereupon vacated the chair and passed a pistol which he had in his pocket to Charley McClenahan (an ex-clerk of the Board), who was standing near by. Jimmy Long and a number of persons rushed towards President Jim, exclaiming to an officer, "Officer, arrest that man; he drew a pistol on me". The officer then took the pistol from McClenahan, who made no resistance to the demand. Long charged Brinkman with having a pistol and passing it to McClenahan.

The gentleman who passed the pop and the gentleman who fired the two pound iron bound inkstand were then escorted to the Mayor's office, who gave them a lecture for their naughty conduct. In addressing Jimmy Long, His Honor said:—"You had no right to throw an inkstand. You are both wrong. It is too bad that gentlemen banded together as you are for the purpose of legislating for the city cannot transact your business without throwing inkstands and drawing pistols. I shall hold you both to keep the peace. If you are not satisfied (to Jimmy) to settle this matter between yourselves—if you are not satisfied with the action of either the Democratic or Republican members, your best course would be to tender your resignation. For the sake of the city go to your chamber, transact your business for the day and adjourn like men."

Jimmy expressed his willingness to do that, but said he did not want to have anything to do with the perjured scoundrel (meaning Jim Brinkman), and believed that better men than he were now in the State Prison. Jimmy, however, pledged himself to His Honor that he would use no violence to Brinkman. The same pledge was given by Brinkman, who added, "I do not want to speak to that man, nor do I want him to speak to me."

Thus the matter stands, or will stand, till they meet again, but when they do there'll be fun, and if they don't succeed in getting themselves wiped out by the State Legislature it will be no fault of the members of the Board of Councillors for 1867.

We don't mind seeing the boys having a clinch now and then, but this firing two pound iron bound glass inkstands, spoiling folks' good clothes and slinging ink around promiscuously aint right—neither is it right for fellows to pass revolvers from their own hands into those of another party when a third party has just tried to pin them against the wall, because about that time most people would think the throwed-at Councillor would most need it himself. It was a curious affair all round and served as bar-room gossip for some time afterwards. Now had Owney Geogheghan, Crow, Theo. Allen, or any of that party been there, wouldn't we have had fun? Oh, no! As they were not, beyond any quantity of chin music nobody was hurt in the melee. If these things are "to be continued," Kit Burns' place will be nowhere alongside the fun to be seen among the Board of Councilmen. We trust, for their own sake, they will either resign, or in the language of the poet, "Love their neighbor as their-self and paddle their own canoe." With this benediction we dismiss the case.

A PLUCKY PEDESTRIAN.—Jim Kennovan, an old ped of world wide fame, who once walked four days and ten hours without rest, is getting around again, we are glad to perceive. It will be recollected that Rosa Celeste undertook to carry Kennovan in a barrow and wheel him a certain distance on a tight rope, at a pretty high altitude, in California, but owing to some unforeseen circumstance both fell to the ground very severely bruised and impaired, so much so that they were at once taken to the City Hospital and there remained, not expecting to recover. The dashing Rosa and the daring Kennovan, however, are now out of danger, and no doubt almost ready to try over again their break-neck act. Becoming tired of being cooped up in the hospital without exercise, Kennovan devised a scheme to keep off *ennui*, work out his ruling passion, and afford entertainment to his invalid associates in the City Hospital. Accordingly, on Dec. 14, he marked out with chalk a large ring on the floor, and computed the number of times he must go round to accomplish four miles. He then announced that he would walk four miles against time; admission, 25 cents—those who had not the money to spare he would admit free. He accomplished the feat, making good time, although he is yet suffering severely from his bruises. Old as he is, Jim has more nerve than half a dozen ordinary men.

BLUFFED.—Jimmy Griffin's $50 to run any man in the world a five mile race has caused all the would be runners to hide themselves and take water, and such being the case, we have concluded to return the same, seeing no prospect of a match. The next man who wants to get on a match will have a good time doing it, you bet.

CHICKEN DISPUTE AT ALBANY.—The lovers of this sport celebrated the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans on the evening of Jan. 8th, at Albany, by having a main of 5 cocks at $100 a battle, and $200 the odd one, being between Morn Henderer, of Albany, and Bill Hamman, of Greenbush, the odds being in favor of the Albany birds. The first match was won by Greenbush, Albany winning the two next, followed by Greenbush winning the two next, giving them the main. Crotch McGinnis, of Albany, held the stakes, while Old Man Dunk, of Greenbush, filled the position of referee. Jim Jewell handled for Albany—Jim Scullin for the Greenbush boys, both filling their places up to the mark. Everything passed off quietly.

ROOSTERING.—There was a main of cocks made Jan. 7, at Bob Healy's saloon, Worcester, Mass., between Jerry Quirk and party and John Quilty and party, to fight 11 fights for $20 a battle, and $100 on the odd fight. Bob holds $50 forfeit to fight on the 28th of January, either in Boston or twelve miles from Worcester.

A FOWL GAME.—Bill Coogan was arrested in Jersey City, on the 9th inst. for "hooking" twenty-three of Thos. Wheelan's game fowl. Unless Coogan can disprove this foul asperson he should be foully dealt with. Those foul fiends who find fowl that are not their'n o'nights, in our suburbs, are getting to be rather too numerous.

CRICKET ON THE ICE.—On some fine day this month the Satellite Club are to play a match with the St. George Club, and perhaps the Manhattans. They have challenged the former, and are ready to meet any club on their fine skating lake.

SKATING.

Grand National Skating Tournament.

Commencing January 28th, 1867, at CENTRAL SKATING PARK, Pittsburgh, Pa.

PRIZES $400 AND $300 IN GREENBACKS, And the CHAMPION MEDAL, Worth about $50.

The best Gentleman Skater will receive a Prize of $400 in Greenbacks, and the Champion Gold Medal of America.

The best Lady Skater a Prize of $300, and the Ladies' Medal.

Three of each to enter to secure a contest. The winner of each, if challenged next season, to Skate the contest on this Park. Entries to close on the 20th. Address

T. A. SPENCE, Secretary of Central Skating Park, P. O. Box 371, Pittsburgh, Pa.,

For entries and particulars. 41-1t

A GAME ON THE ICE AT BROOKLYN.

The Satellite Lake in Williamsburgh, is the only skating pond in Brooklyn now at the command of the base ball fraternity for the purpose of playing matches on, and we hope ball players will remember the fact and patronize it well whenever a game is played on the ice. On Saturday, the 12th inst., the first match at base ball on ice, in this vicinity, took place on the Satellite Lake, the contestants being the famous batting clubs of the Eastern District, the Eckford and Fulton Clubs. The match attracted the largest assemblage of spectators seen on the pond this season, and it proved to be an advantageous speculation for the proprietors of the pond and a well deserved reward for their liberality in getting up the match. The prize on the occasion, for the best score on the winning side, was a handsome pair of skates, and we presume similar prizes will mark the occasion of any future ball match on the ice on this lake. The match was only arranged a few days previously, and hence neither party had out their full strength, Saturday being a bad day for both clubs.

The game began at 2.30 P. M., the Fultons going to the bat, a score of two marking their batting in the first innings, the Eckfords scoring 5. In the second innings the Fultons improved in their play and ran up the score of 8, but this the Eckford's offset with a score of 12. The third innings yielded the Fultons 9 runs, the Eckfords retiring for 4, and the close of the fourth innings saw the scores equal, 26 to 26, this result leading to considerable interest being taken in the closing part of the game. As the weather was extremely cold, a bleak north wind blowing almost a gale, it was decided to limit the game to five innings play, and consequently the Fultons went into their fifth innings to make a bold push for victory, and by good batting they scored 6 runs, thus leaving the Eckfords 7 runs to get to win. Though the Eckfords were sanguine of success, they failed to rally at the right time, and the result was a blank score in their last innings, the Fultons thereby winning by a score of 32 to 26.

Of the play in the game on the Fulton side, Storer, Campbell and Hubbs batted finely for home runs, Striker also securing one, but C. Delano led the score and bore off the prize skates. On the Eckford side Simonson led the score, making a clean home run, the two Browns and John Snyder being next. Good fly catches were made by Mills, Josh Snyder and G. Delano. The umpire impartially discharged the duties of his position, and the game proved to be a very exciting one. At the close Mr. Sammond presented the skates to the Fultons, congratulating them on their victory. The return match will no doubt be still more interesting, and will attract a larger concourse of spectators. The following is the score:

FULTON.	H.L.	R.	ECKFORD.	H.L.	R.
Campbell, p	2	3	E. Brown, 2d b	1	4
Storer, c	2	4	W. Brown, 1st b	1	3
Hubbs, 1st b	1	4	Manolt, l f	2	2
C. Delano, c f	0	5	Simonson, r s	0	4
G. Delano, s s	1	4	Klein, c	1	3
West, l f	1	3	A. Mills, 3d b	2	2
Betts, r f	1	4	John Snyder, c f	1	3
Schanke, r s	2	1	Josh Snyder, s s	2	2
Striker, 3d b	1	3	Chichester, p	2	2
Fordham, 2d b	4	1	Van Dyke, r f	3	1
Total		32	Total		26

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	
Fulton	2	8	9	7	6	—32
Eckford	5	12	4	5	0	—26

Umpire—Mr. Chichester. Scorer—Mr. Murphy. Time of game—2 hours. Fly catches—Eckford, 2; Fulton, 1. Out on fouls—Eckford, 1; Fulton, 1. Home runs—Eckford, 1; Fulton, 6.

SKATING CARNIVALS.

During the winters of 1862 and '63, fancy dress carnivals were introduced as entertainments on skating ponds, and we question if anything more enjoyable or attractive ever formed a feature of winter sports than did these self same carnivals. Since then skating carnivals have gradually receded in public favor, and now they may be considered almost in the light of "played out" institutions. The novelty having worn off, no one takes the interest in them which marked the glorious affairs we refer to of some three or four years ago. Then thousands visited the ponds on carnival days, and a column of our paper might have been filled with the names of those who assumed characters at the masquerade, and personated them well, too.

During the week ending Jan. 12th, quite a number of entertainments [illegible] and vicinity, and at all of them a sad falling off was noticeable in the numbers in fancy costume who patronized the ponds on the occasion. On Monday, 7th, carnivals were held at Linford's Sylvan Lake, at Hoboken, and at Moore's Bushwell Pond, East Brooklyn. On Tuesday a promenade concert was the feature of the reserved benefit day on the Capitoline Pond, music and fireworks aiding the usual attractions of the lake. The crowd present in the afternoon was, however, limited in numbers, although in the evening a good attendance of skaters were on hand. A fancy dress carnival took place the same day at Chichester's Myrtle Lake, where a right merry time was had of it until a late hour, quite a number appearing in costume. On Wednesday the Union Pond carnival took place, and one of the features, announced by a contemporary, was to have been Engler's appearance on stilts, but though the professor was on hand and his stilts all ready, the proprietor "went back" on the public and refused to allow him to exhibit his skill except on plain skates, greatly to the disgust and disappointment of a number who went to the pond purposely to see the feat done. Hadfield had a fine display of fireworks, and there was a good band in attendance, besides which the pond was beautifully illuminated, the pagoda presenting a very fine appearance; but not half the people were present expected in the afternoon, not twenty masks being on the pond. As far as the fancy dress part was concerned, it was a fizzle in the afternoon, though in the evening the attendance of masks was numerous. But, as we said before, the day of skating carnivals has gone by. The novelty has worn off, and people have settled down to the understanding that skating is a fixed institution as a splendid winter sport and exercise.

The same day Major Oatman had a carnival on his rink, and he had a large assemblage of fashionables present, but few appeared *en masque* or in fancy dress.

At McMillan's 5th Avenue Pond, carnivals were the order for the entire week, the pond being brilliantly illuminated by tar barrels every night.

SKATING AT JEROME PARK POND.—This now fashionable pond, which is readily reached by the Harlem Railroad, is located near Fordham, about half a mile from the race course bearing the above title, and named after he of princely revenue and yachtic fame. The skating area is 750 feet long by 100, which gives ample space for skatorial display by the sterner as well as the gentler sex, hoops and all. It is a lovely spot, and nature has been much embellished by art. At the head of the lake a lodge 100x74 feet has been erected and christened the "Chalet," which contains nearly everything that one could desire to promote comfort on such an expedition. It is not yet completed, but soon will be, and will reflect much credit on those who designed and constructed it. On Saturday, the 12th inst., a descent was made upon this rural retreat by a company of fashionable fair feminines and moustachioed masculines to the number of about five hundred, all armed *cap a'pie* for the fray; and front sliders and back sliders, pigeon-wingers and all went in with a will for fun to the melodious strains of Dodworth's band. Besides skating they had fun in thiswise: A duo of donkeys (four-legged, regular he-hawers) were driven on to the pond, drawing a large wooden nondescript craft called the Henrietta, followed by a string of laughing juveniles. The donkeys were shod for the occasion, and moved swiftly over the ice, much to the amusement of all present. In the afternoon the party partook of some refreshments in the Chalet, and returned to the city after a day of supreme enjoyment.

THE SKATING MATCH AT THE CAPITOLINE LAKE.—The largest gathering we have seen on a skating pond this season was present on the Capitoline Lake, Brooklyn, on Friday, Jan. 11th, on the occasion of the trial of skill for a pair of prize skates offered to the best amateur skater entering the lists. The weather was splendid, the ice in tip-top condition, and everthing was done to make the thing successful; but, nevertheless, only two competitors came forward, one only entering his name until the time had expired, when, rather than the match should not come off, Palm Johnson, a well known amateur skater of Brooklyn, put in an appearance as a competitor against Mr. Albert Smith, of Brooklyn. We were very much surprised at not seeing any of the fine young skaters from McMillan's pond present, for assuredly their chances would have been good for success. Johnson was not in condition to do himself justice, and yet he carried off the prize, Smith not coming up to time except in three out of the twenty odd movements gone through with. On Tuesday, the 15th, the Ladies' Skating Match takes place; but if men cannot be found to compete in skating we should not look for much of a display from the ladies.

EAGLE VS. EMPIRE.—These clubs are to play a game on the ice on Sylvan Lake, foot of South 7th street, Hoboken, on Wednesday, the 15th inst., at 1 P. M., on which occasion a good game may be anticipated.

NEW YORK VS. BROOKLYN.—As there are so many fine skaters in the Active and Gotham Clubs, of Hoboken, why don't they challenge a nine of Brooklyn? The Satellite Lake is at the service of two nines for such a match. We hope to see a contest of this kind before the season is over.

THE TREMONT POND was kept in good condition the greater part of last week, and it was well patronized by the denizens of both sexes of that suburban locality. It is nearer to the city than the Fordham skating arena.

THE MELROSE POND, located a short distance the other side of Harlem River, on the line of the same R. R. once the resort for skaters of high and low degree, is emphatically "used up" for that purpose, as some enterprising individual, much to the chagrin of ye slippery fraternity, has built an ice house adjoining, and annually replenisheth his exchequer by cutting the ice and storing it, ready for the cooling of drinks for the summer solstice.

THE HARLEM POND, located on the north end of the Central Park, under the supervision of the Park Commissioners, is kept in good trim, and is well patronized from early morn to sombre eve by those residing in the neighborhood, while the creeks, streams and overflows in that region each have their regular attendants. Taken altogether, it is evident that the skating carnival is at its zenith.

A NEW STYLE OF SKATING DRESS has been adopted by some of the more expert skatorial queens, which consists of a skirt devoid of hoops extending half way between the knee and the ankle, the legs being thickly covered with warm woolen leggings. A jockey hat and feather, and cloak or sack, complete the rig, the whole presenting a very neat appearance. The labor of skating in this new dress is much diminished, as the limbs have freer motion and there is less atmospheric resistance to be overcome than with the ordinary style.

AQUATICS.

American Pastimes.

THE BOOK OF AMERICAN PASTIMES, containing a History of the principal Yachting, Rowing, Base Ball and Cricket Clubs of the United States.

BY CHARLES A. PEVERELLY, Reporter of Out Door Sports for New York Journals for many years, was published on SATURDAY, JANUARY 12.

SUBSCRIBERS' copies at the office of the New York Leader, No. 11 Frankfort street.

41-1t 12 MO., ILLUSTRATED, 256 PAGES, PRICE $2.50.

REGATTA IN CHINA.

EIGHT-OARED RACE BETWEEN AMERICAN AND ENGLISH CREWS.

THE YANKS VICTORIOUS.

A grand jubilee aquatique, gotten up under the auspices of the Shanghae Rowing Club—an organization composed of about fifty members, mostly of Albionic persuasion, with a sprinkling of Hamericans and subjects of the Czar of the Russias—took place on the waters of the creek forninst the City of Shanghae, on October 26th. The chief feature of the event was a match race between picked eight-oared crews, composed respectively of English and American pullers, a circumstance which gave to the contest an international character, and caused it to be regarded with peculiar interest by the large but by no means select assemblage of dainty-footed, pig-tailed Celestials and natives of less favored climes. The race grew out of a challenge issued by the American crew, whose pretensions to skill and superiority in wielding the spruces their English cousins affected to treat with contempt. The story is soon told, for the "Yanks" jumped away with the lead, and were half a boat's length ahead at the quarter mile, which they had increased to a length at the half, after which the Britishers were rapidly left in the lurch, and finally compelled to acknowledge themselves "dead beat," pulling, in three hundred yards behind. The elatement of the victors and their little knob of friends was great, and manifested itself in all sorts of ways, while the chagrin and disappointment of their opponents, who had counted upon a "sure thing," was proportionately deep. The English judge, Admiral King, was so disgusted at the result, that he left the ground immediately. The colors carried in the bow of the winning craft—a beautiful silk national flag—was worked by a young lady, by whom it was presented to her countrymen. We give herewith the names of the successful crew: J. F. Seaman, (bow) Newburg, N. Y.; H. S. Geary and T. A. Ives, New York; E. G. Low, Boston; E. U. Smith, Islip, L. I.; J. M. Forbes, Boston; F. Reid, Newburg, N. Y.; A. A. Hayes, Jr., (stroke) Boston; C. J. Ashley, (cox) Pembroke, Mass. The other races, four-oared, and double and single scull, were of little importance.

BOATING MATTERS IN PITTSBURGH.

For years past the thriving manufacturing city situate at the confluence of the Monongahela and Alleghany rivers has been as much noted for the interest which its busy denizens have manifested in rowing pastime, as for the smoke and coal dust which envelop it like a funeral pall, and render the preservation of linen in an immaculate condition utterly impossible. Since the elevation of Jimmy Hamill to the highest honors of the aquatic world in America this interest has greatly augmented, as is attested by the number of new clubs organized, and if the anticipated meeting between the broad-shouldered hero and Walter Brown takes place thereaway, still greater impetus will be given to the sport. Among the clubs recently formed is one called the Clasper, in honor of the Clasper Brothers, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, Eng., who proved such firm friends of our champion while sojourning among the Britishers. Wm. Jackson is President and Jimmy Hamill Treasurer of the organization. In addition to this there are the Undine (the oldest club in the city), Xanthe, Painter, Birmingham, Atterbury, Columbia, McKee, Homer, Enterprise, Howard, Duquesne, Magenta, Irwin, Atlantic and several others. The fleet embraces one sixteen-oared, two eight-oared, one six-oared, seven four-oared, and four single scull boats. This number will be considerably augmented during the approaching season—most of the clubs having ordered new craft. If the young men of other localities enter with corresponding spirit into the matter, the coming season will unquestionably prove a lively one in aquatic circles. Let the good work go on.

THE THAMES CHAMPIONSHIP.—On Dec. 24th Kelley forwarded articles to Chambers for signature, agreeing to row on the Tyne on the 3d of June next, for a stake of £200 a side and a collateral bet of £300—making altogether £500 a side—on condition of his receiving £25 as expenses for going to Newcastle. Kelley also left £50 in a sporting journal's hands to make the match. Up to Dec. 28th, however, there was no further intelligence respecting this match. A meeting of the friends of Chambers was held at Mr. Blakey's on Wednesday, Dec. 26th, when the articles forwarded by Kelley were under discussion for a considerable time without any decision being arrived at. The date proposed by the Londoner (June 3d) was considered unsuitable by the majority of those present, but rather than throw any obstacle in the way of the match, it was suggested that the men should toss whether the race should take place early in May or June. Nothing was, however, definitely settled, and ultimately it was arranged that the meeting should be adjourned until Dec. 27th.

WALTER BROWN, the ambitious young oarsman, was in town last week on business connected with his billiard hall in Portland. He also took back with him an elegantly modelled Spanish cedar skiff, built by Charles Elliott, of the following dimensions: length, 33 ft.; width, 13½ inches; depth, 4½ inches. Whether [illegible] is not for us to say, but it looks that way.

SPEEDY SAILING.—The Swedish brig Heloise, Capt. C. W. Landergreen, sailed from this port on Dec. 11th, with a cargo of sugar, and arrived at Falmouth, Eng., on Dec. 27th, making the passage in fifteen days. Pretty good for a heavily laden vessel.

THE TRIGGER.

GREAT DOUBLE SHOOTING MATCH BETWEEN JOHN TAYLOR AND WM. SEEDS, THE "JERSEY BOY."

TAYLOR WINS BOTH BY ONE BIRD.

CHALLENGE TO ALL AMERICA FOR $4,000.

The sweepstakes which gave Seeds a victory over the great expert was the means of again bringing them together, and this time on their merits singly and alone. We gave the result of the last contest out of the many wherein John Taylor and William Seeds have been contestants, when the latter beat Taylor by one bird in shooting at 21 single, and now proceed to tell the story of the match made between them on the strength of this. The sum of $250 a side was dependent on each match, the first of which was at 25 double birds, 1⅛ ounce shot, 100 yards bounds, and the second at 50 single birds, 1⅛ ounce shot, 80 yards bounds.

The match having been the engrossing topic of converse among those interested in this time honored old English pastime, which is becoming almost as popular in this as it is in the old country, there was a gathering of professionals and amateurs, together with those who never miss seeing a good thing if they can help it, at Greenville, N. J., on the 9th inst., to witness the same, and the day being of a mild, pleasant temperature, it was quite an enjoyable affair, especially to the winners, who invested pretty freely to the tune of $100 to $80 on Taylor.

The shooting was superb in both matches on the part of both contestants, and that both strove to do their best the veriest tyro must admit on looking over their respective scores, but the steady eye and implacable nerve of the veteran compelled his younger rival to acknowledge his supremacy. The excitement during the shooting was very noticeable, as each man had his partizans, who were not behind in backing up their opinions, and when a good shot was made or a bird missed, their spirits rose and fell correspondingly.

In the 6th, 9th, 14th and 16th shots, Taylor killed both birds with the first shot, and on the 3d, 8th, 14th and 24th shots Seeds accomplished the same feat. The tally as given below will show how they made it:

FIRST MATCH—DOUBLE BIRDS.

Taylor—11 11 10 11 11 11 10 10 11 11 10 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 10 10 11 11 11; killing 44 out of 50.

Seeds—11 10 11 11 11 10 11 11 11 11 01 10 11 11 10 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 01 11 10; killing 43 out of 50.

SECOND MATCH—SINGLE BIRDS.

Taylor.—0 1111111111111111001111111111101111111111111110111; killing 45 out of 50.

Seeds.—1 1 1 1111111111111101110011101111111111111001111111; killing 44 out of 50.

On returning to Montgomery street, in the City of the Jerseys, the victor declared in the presence of a number of gentlemen at Taylor's Hotel, that he held himself ready and willing to shoot against any man in the United States two matches of pigeons, one at 50 double and the other at 100 single birds, 1⅛ oz. shot, 18 and 21 yards rise, 100 and 80 yards bounds, ground trap, for $1,000 a side each match; or he will shoot against any five men similar matches for from $250 to $500 a side each match, either out of a ground, spring, plunge or any other trap, timely notice to be given. Will anybody take up either of these challenges? We shall see.

W. TAYLOR AND MILES JOHNSON MATCHED.—William Taylor, of Jersey City, and Miles Johnson, of Yardville, N. J., are matched to shoot at 50 pigeons for $250 a side, to take place at Jersey City on Tuesday, Jan. 22, using 1⅛ oz. shot, 21 yards rise, 80 yards bounds, Taylor allowing Mr. J. $25 for expenses.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.—At a regular meeting of the Alert B. B. Club, of Cumberland, Md., held January 4th, 1867, the following officers were elected to serve for the ensuing year:—President, Robert Shriver; Vice President, P. J. Smith; Secretary, Jos. P. Knorr; Treasurer, Dwight McCleave; Directors, S. H. Fundenburg, Edward Boehm and G. T. R. Knorr; Scorer, A. Shriver; Captain of 1st Nine, P. J. Smith.

LIGHTFOOT VS. LOOKOUT.—While the base ball fraternity north of Mason and Dixon's Line have been obliged by the chilly breathings of Old Boreas to retire from the field and seek winter quarters, their brethren in the "Sunny South" are still enabled to take their accustomed practice. The Lightfoot and Lookout clubs, of Chattanooga, Tenn., played the concluding game in a series of three on the 4th inst., when the former came off with the honors by a tally of 67 to 34. They won the first game by the close score of 78 to 77.

ALBION B. B. CLUB.—At the quarterly election for officers of the Albion Base Ball Club the following gentlemen were chosen: President, James McNulty; Vice President, James Purdy; Secretary, William J. Heron; Captain, James D. Robertson; Treasurer, William H. Walsh.

A TALE OF TWO DOGS.—We have always labored under the impression that, when two dogs came together in a fight, they always commenced at the head and ate downwards towards the tail, but a suit was tried in the Marine Court on the 10th inst. which goes far to reverse this opinion. The case was this:—Louis Seitz sued George Strouse for assault and battery. The complainant alleges that he called upon the defendant for the purpose of purchasing a calf, and that the defendant bet plaintiff that his dog could bite the other dog's tail off. The animals fought, and it would seem from the complaint that the case of the Kilkenny cats, who left nothing but their tails, was reversed in this instance, and the tails of the two alone destroyed. The complainant further states that the defendant said: "I will give you a lick," following up the threat with a blow on the nose and eyes. The defendant denies that he assaulted the complainant, and called several witnesses to sustain his statement. The jury brought in a verdict, in this action, for the plaintiff, with $125 damages.

THE RING.

Sam Turner, the Great Canine Medico,

at the UNION HOUSE, 52 PORTLAND ST., BOSTON, MASS. Mr. TURNER has now enlarged his Dog Kennels, for the purpose of keeping a larger assortment of Dogs. All kinds of choice Dogs bought and sold, and forwarded to all parts of the United States with the greatest care. All orders promptly attended to by Mr. TURNER himself. He has now on hand a large quantity of Dogs, as follows: Bull Dogs, Bull Terriers, Black and Tans, Scotch Terriers, Skye Terriers, Setters, Pointers, Field Spaniels, Blood Hounds, Newfoundlands, Mastiffs, Stag Hounds, Italian Poodles, English Grey Hounds. Gentlemen can depend upon being treated the same as if they were there to select for themselves. All money orders to be forwarded by express, if not Mr. TURNER cannot be answerable for them.

Mr. TURNER has made it his whole study for many years in all kinds of infectious diseases that Dogs are subject to, and will guarantee to cure the Mange in three days, which has been tested by hundreds and thousands without fail; likewise his Distemper Pills and Worm Medicine forwarded to all parts of the United States on receipt of $1. 34-7t*

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HARRY JENNINGS desires to inform the sporting public that he now devotes his whole attention to the Breeding, Raising and Training of Dogs, together with buying and selling, having enlarged his establishment, and has always on hand an assortment of NEWFOUNDLAND DOGS, POINTERS, SETTERS, SPANIELS, SCOTCH, SKYE, and BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS, together with a large quantity of Imported and Native stock of BULL TERRIERS, warranted fit to contend against anything in the United States, their weight averaging from ten pounds and upwards.

Dogs prepared for matches and sold after winning, or no sale. Orders punctually attended to, and Dogs sent to any part of the United States. Dogs cured of all diseases. PATENT MAGIC FLEA SOAP, 50 cents per box, or $3.60 per dozen.
ALL DOGS WARRANTED. 37-tf

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I, JOHN EVANS, of Liverpool, will match any dog or slut in the States, for from $100 to a $1000 a side, meet anywhere South or West, weights ranging from 11lb to 42lb. Any one wishing to make one or any of the matches, between the above weights, can communicate by addressing
JOHN EVANS,
in the care of HARRY JENNINGS, Boston.
P. S.—Any gentleman wishing to purchase either dogs or pups, can have them delivered personally. 41-tf

THE GREAT 128lb $2000 MATCH
BETWEEN
SAM COLLYER, OF BALTIMORE, AND JOHNNY McGLADE, OF NEW YORK.
ALL THE MONEY UP.

So, so, friends of the heroes bold who are to bare their breasts to the wintry blasts on the 15th, the work goes bravely on, and the last act but one in the pugilistic drama has been played, and nothing is left but the fight itself. Collyer's $300 were forthcoming one diem before they were necessary, doing away with the wish of the Brooklyn sport, John F. Farrell, of Main and Water streets, to stand in a "century" for the young machinist. McGlade's $300 was there before the hour hand of our chronometer had marked 3 o'clock P. M., the landlord of 40 Peck slip having left the balance in good hands, who relieved himself of the same with an easy air, and appeared quite satisfied that he was doing good service to the cause. The posting of the last deposit naturally brought together a large assemblage of the supporters of both men, and all went off harmoniously, without any slinging of inkstands or showing of short guns.

Johnny had a benefit at Sportsman's Hall, Water street, and had the hall—if we are justified in calling it such—been of sufficient size, he would have made out first rate—as it was, it couldn't accommodate his friends. On the day following, Jan. 12, in company with Sam Davis and Butt Riley, Mac left town for the fighting ground, Dan Kerrigan following the day afterwards, so that as far as the State authorities here are concerned, he is now far out of harm's way. He was well within his weight when leaving, having scaled 127 lbs. a week ago. Collyer, who can fight and be right well at 124 lbs., was down to that weight ten days ago, and in the best of health, so that nothing is likely to interfere, except in the matter of weighing, which is to take place this (Tuesday) morning, at a very early hour.

The ropes and stakes are to be furnished by the Collyer party, and owing to the extreme cold which has prevailed of late in the section of the country where they are to fight, pick and shovels will be in demand to make any impression on the frozen ground. The journey will be a long and a cold one, but nevertheless, almost everybody is talking of going, or has gone rather, for although we are writing ahead of time, when we go to press, all who intended to go will have gone. Fortunately there is to be no water trip, but it is going to cost enough to keep away those of limited means, unless they calculate to "spar" their way which is about "played" now-a-days. It is rumored that Kit Burns and Johnny Monaghan are to second McGlade, with Aaron Jones and a Baltimorean behind Collyer; but this is mere conjecture, for "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," and some one of the above may meet with a slip or something else to prevent their officiating. Come weal, come woe, we trust that the mill will be decided on the merits of the men alone, and then whoever comes out victorious will be looked upon and acknowledged as the

LIGHT WEIGHT CHAMPION OF AMERICA.

JOHNNY McGLADE'S BENEFIT.

Kit Burns' "palatial amphitheatre," at 273 Water street, was packed from pit to dome on the evening of the 11th inst., and had the place been large enough to hold all who tried to get in, McGlade would have had seven or eight hundred people at 50 cents a head at his benefit. The nearness to the day of battle and the fact that a prominent Broadway sporting gentleman was holding the $2,000 pending on the mill of to-day (Jan. 15th), was what brought together so many heads, and it will be a long time before Christopher Keybourne has another such gathering of swells. Without, it resembled the Light Guard Ball by the strings of carriages which kept rattling past the doors after leaving their contents on the sidewalk—within, well, we shouldn't care to undergo such another scrouging. There wasn't room for a broad-rimmed hat, and how, in the name of Patsy Marley, Izzy Lazarus managed to get room will always be a puzzler, for there wasn't space enough for his little grandson when he appeared on the scene. Poor Bill Tovee was almost squoze to atoms, and hasn't got over it yet. The Benicia Boy had an orchestra seat ("orchestra seats" are good for Kit's place) and so did George Hill, or "Cooley Keyes," as well as the well-dressed Finnigan; and the sports usually to be found in the club rooms from Spring to Fourteenth streets, on Broadway, were for once entrapped into the Old Fourth, which is not noted for its *bon ton* and fashion, as our readers are certainly aware.

That among such a crowd the "chevaliers" would keep easy or "be aisy" was not in human nature, and if some went in full and came out empty they have themselves alone to blame for tempting the "dipsters" and will know better next time. It was no fault of the proprietor's, for no sporting house in the country is more honestly conducted than Kit's place, rough as he and his surroundings may seem to be to all not rounders, and we say this not "by special request" but on our own individual hook, from overhearing some of the victimized ones trying to give the house a bad name.

The sparring, whatever it might have been under different circumstances, was limited to just four couple, all told, it being totally impossible to get through the masses to get in or out of the arena after the Hall bell had struck nine. Those who did box were Bill Bennett and Johnny Dwyer, Mike Noonan and Hughey McLain, and Mike Costello and Butt Riley, the latter set-to being a tremendous slogging match, of which both bore testimony on the next morning.

The wind-up between Johnny McGlade and Dan Kerrigan was a masterly exhibition of science, but there was no roughing it, and for an old 'un, as Heenan called him, he looked in fine trim, a great deal better, in fact, than many expected, as it was rumored around town that he had all he could do to reduce himself to anything like his weight. There were lots of sparrers willing to set-to, one of whom received a digital application to his nose from the middle weight champion for his persistent obstinacy and "slack." Barring this, everything went off all serene. The receipts of the benefit, we are informed, were taken charge of by a friend of McGlade's for safe keeping.

THINGS PUGILISTIC AND OTHERWISE IN TEXAS.—From Galveston, Texas, we have been furnished with the following account of the rough state of things in that distant country, from a correspondent, J. B. D., under date of Jan. 2: Bill Davis, who is matched with Burnett, Patsy Sheppard, who is open to fight any one hundred and twenty (120) pound man in the country, and Billy Farrell, who fought Ward in Philadelphia, are all in Galveston. Farrell came near being killed on New Year's Day; he had his belly cut open, and the physicians have given him up as "done for." The man who did it has been arrested; it will go pretty hard with him, as Farrell was well thought of. Then Jim Burns, the fighter, was shot the same evening, and hurt pretty bad. Altogether there were about twenty men "killed and wounded" in Galveston on the 1st inst. They have had a sparring exhibition there every Sunday for the past six weeks. [Galveston must be a lively place about these time.—ED. CLIPPER.]

A "PUFF" FOR OMAHA.—Harry Stebbins, the professional ten pin roller, who is at present in Chicago, is about to emigrate to Nebraska Territory, there to open a sporting drum in Omaha. Since leaving Gotham, Harry has been on the go all the time—he has visited the Rocky Mountains, also Mexico (where they hang up strangers and leave them nothing but their under clothes, and sometimes not even that, according to Conklin of spangle fame), at the latter place getting into a difficulty and being shot in the leg, from which he still suffers on every change of the weather. So much for Stebbins.

THE FIGHT TO-DAY—PROSPECT OF OTHER MILLS.—If the outside talk amounts to anything, there is a prospect of at least one fight being fought in the same ring as Collyer and McGlade, provided that affair is brought to a satisfactory settlement. If any body takes the Cast Iron Man along, a Pat Kelly, it is said, is willing to give him a shake up for a purse, while Johnny Grady has expressed his readiness to have a few rounds with Mike Carr, should they both get there, so that there may be lively times in store for this cold wintry morning. A prominent young up town light weight talks of challenging the winner of the championship match, of which more anon, as it will be as well to see one thing through first and then it's time enough.

DOONEY HARRIS AND CHANDLER MATCHED.—By a telegraphic dispatch received here last week, we learn that a match has been made in San Francisco for a prize fight between Dooney Harris and Tom Chandler, for $5,000, to take place within thirty days. A forfeit had been put up.

GLOVE FIGHT IN CLEVELAND.—Barney Duffy and Young Ryan had a trial of bottom and skill in the above city on the 5th inst., for $50 a side, which Ryan lost by hitting Barney foul when on the "flure." The winner was handled by Cain and Andrews, the loser by Gallagher and Barrett. They fought twelve rounds, but nobody got hurt to speak of.

DIDN'T GO.—Johnny Roche, who, it was expected, would go to finish Sam Collyer's training, called at our office the morning before the fight and stated that, although arrangements were made to some such effect, he had no idea of going unless he could have been with the young fellow a week or ten days beforehand, so as to understand something of his style and condition. As it is, Roche will not be likely to take any active part at the fight, if he is there at all.

JACK ROOKE AND HARRY ALLEN.—£50 a side have now been banked by these Northern fistic heroes, for their 10st. 9lb engagement, for £160, on February 5. Both men are in strict training, and as the day draws near the public interest increases.

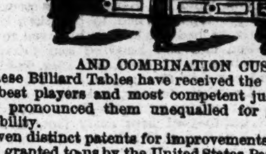
THE RING IN CONNECTICUT.—The late glove fight at Savin Rock between Race Bolster and Larry Healey has culminated in a match between Race and Billy Waburton for $500 aside, and $200, it is said, have already been posted. Waburton has already appeared twice in the arena, was a pupil of Bob Brettle, as they say, and in both encounters came out victorious, but we have no record to prove it. Race will fight at 128lb and Waburton at about 150lb. Bolster's career is well enough known from his recent game fight with Collyer. He is going through a severe course of training, making Tom Lord's West Rock Hotel, Westville, his headquarters.

A TURN IN THE TIDE OF DOONEY HARRIS' AFFAIRS.—From a private letter received by a prominent sport in this city we learn that Con Mooney, who sent out for Dooney to match him against Chandler, has shook the Britisher, and now offers to back Billy Dwyer against him. We guess Dooney's style don't suit the Californians. By a notice elsewhere, received by telegraph, Dooney must have found another backer, as it is stated that he is matched to fight Chandler.

BILL LADD has bought out a saloon in Broadway, opposite the Broadway Theatre.

BILLIARDS.

The Standard American Billiard Tables



AND COMBINATION CUSHIONS.

These Billiard Tables have received the unqualified approval of the best players and most competent judges, who have universally pronounced them unequalled for general excellence and durability.

Seven distinct patents for improvements in Billiard Tables have been granted to us by the United States Patent Office, and we have lately obtained a patent from the French Government for our improvements in billiard cushions.

We employ, in the construction of our tables, a variety of machines specially made for the purpose, by which means we are enabled to insure a scientific and mechanical accuracy hitherto unknown in billiard manufacture.

AMERICAN CUE CEMENT.—Price for large bottles, 50 cents. Warranted the best in use.
Price Lists and full information sent by mail.
PHELAN & COLLENDER,
32-tf 63, 65, 67 and 69 Crosby street, New York.

Concert Hall Billiard Room.
Nos. 1217, 1219 and 1221 Chestnut street,
PHILADELPHIA.
20 Tables, Phelan & Collender make. The largest Billiard Hall in the United States. Visitors insured prompt attention. 15-6m

Billiards.
A FIRST CLASS TABLE,
Furnished with the Best Cushion ever invented, viz:—
"THE CAT GUT"
made only by KAVANAGH & DECKER, cor. Canal and Centre streets, New York City.
The Cat-Gut Cushion, for which we have a Patent dated December 18th, 1866, is an improvement billiard men have long been wishing for. Wherever it has been tried—and it has been introduced extensively within the past year in New York and vicinity—it has given perfect satisfaction. We are frequently called upon to remove the cushions of other makers, and substitute
THE CAT GUT.
Price of a table fully equipped, $525.
KAVANAGH & DECKER,
41-6m Canal and Centre st., New York.

PLAYING AT THE MASONIC FAIR BY PHELAN, CARME AND McDEVITT.—On the 9th inst., at which time the Masonic Fair was brought to a close, a very pleasing exhibition was given by Michael Phelan, John McDevitt and Pierre Carme. The playing was done on a small sized carom table, which Phelan & Collender had put up in the afternoon, with the view of affording Carme a broader latitude for a display of the power possessed by his magic cue. Phelan & McDevitt played the opening game, the veteran having "Hop" in his hand ("Hop" is the cue that slayed Seereiter in 1859), and polished off McDevitt in fine style, as follows;—

McDevitt—6, 0, 2, 2, 47, 35, 18, 13, 2, 0, 4, 6, 2, 62, 19, 16, 0, 61, 0, 2, 12, 2, 7—Total, 318. Average, 14.

Phelan—6, 11, 14, 2, 3, 14, 3, 0, 14, 6, 36, 24, 114, 4, 12, 101, 0, 0, 4, 4, 48, 55, 29—Total, 500. Average, 22.

Carme now took Phelan's place, and a push-barred game followed, McDevitt again losing.

Carme—15, 27, 43, 3, 58, 20, 135—Total, 300. Average, 41.
McDevitt—2, 69, 67, 18, 2, 4—Total, 162. Average, 27.

Carme followed with a few fancy shots, and thus the exhibition, which was witnessed by about three hundred persons, male and female, was wound up. The next morning, as the workmen were about to remove the table, a fire broke out in the restaurant adjoining the billiard room, without, however, doing any serious damage, and causing but little excitement, except to one person. That was Phelan, who came rushing down to rescue "Hop," which pet instrument he regards as of greater value than a half-dozen billiard tables. He has good reason to feel proud of this cue. He has used it but four times since the great match, in which he started off with a twenty-two ounce cue and had to fall back on the lighter "Hop," and in every case it has been successful—one being the final game of the tournament of 1860, played with Kavanagh, and another the match, push shots barred, with the same player, at Irving Hall, in 1864. It will be inferred that "Hop" has been well taken care of, when we state that it has the same leather on that it had in 1859. Of course, no one but Phelan, who has implicit faith in the "stick," could do anything with such a venerable leather.

BILLIARDS AT PEORIA, ILL.—A match was to have been played there on the 4th inst., at the Metropolitan Palace Billiard Hall, between Thos. Foley and J. Ferguson, but the unexpected illness of the latter upset the programme. A large concourse of people having assembled to witness Mr. Foley's playing, Mr. Phiefer arranged a carom game of 500 points between Mr. Foley and Mr. F. M. Reinhart, of Peoria. Messrs. H. E. Laing and Thos. Lowry were chosen referees. Mr. Reinhart, winning the lead, led off with a small run, keeping ahead of Mr. Foley, however, until 160 points had been scored, when Mr. Foley, making a run of 91 points, took the lead, keeping the same through the game. Several long runs of from 40 to 90 points were made by each party, each exhibiting very fine playing; and although Mr. Reinhart is no match for Mr. Foley, we must compliment his excellent playing. He had scored 234 points, when Mr. Foley ran the game out. Mr. Francisco, one of the best players in Illinois, arrived the same evening, and another entertainment was to take place.

BILLIARDS IN BRITAIN.—Philharmonic Hall, London, Eng., was well filled on Dec. 22d, to witness a billiard match between Johnny Hurst, of Liverpool, and Joe Bennett, of London, 1,000 points up, for £100 a side, with 2 1-16 balls, pockets 3¼ in. at the slow English game, of course. Hurst proved to be the better player, or else in very much the best luck, almost from the start, finally winning by 342 points, the totals being Hurst 1,001, Bennett 659. At the conclusion, another match was made between the same parties for £200 a side, open for £500, to be played at the same hall on Feb. 6th...... W. Dufton and Mr. Dovell played for £20 at the same hall on Dec. 21st, the former giving odds of 700 in 1,000, and finally winning by 104 points at that.

A BAGATELLE TOURNAMENT.—Emulating the billiardists, who have found their tournaments so remunerative in almost every instance, a leading spirit in the bagatelle world has now under way the improvising of a similar kind of thing, the only difference being that this is to be at bagatelle instead of billiards. To this end a sweepstakes will take place on Thursday, Jan. 31, at the Half-Way House, 320 Eighth avenue, open to every player in the United States. The arrangements will be conducted in the same manner as billiards, the winner to take the cue and the whole of the money. Entries, with a deposit of $25, must be made on or before Friday, Jan. 25th, to W. Cleaver, as above, and no notice will be taken of those who do not remit the entrance fee. Competitors from other cities will be guaranteed the same impartiality as residents of the city. We believe there are already six or seven competitors entered.

CAPTS. FOWLER AND BOYLE—two well known sporting celebrities of Gotham—have recently opened and fitted up Knickerbocker Cottage, on 6th avenue, between 28th and 29th streets, as a billiard saloon.

THE TOURNAMENT AT McDEVITT'S.—Since our last, the bulletin board at McDevitt's has announced 106 to be the highest run at the American game, and 12 at the French, as the highest for the gold watch and diamond ring.

THE CONNECTICUT CHAMPIONSHIP.—Matt. Hewins was in town on the 14th. He represented that the morals of the Hartford folk are going to the bad, many of them preferring that highly remunerative game, "Keno," to billiards. Mr. Hewins also informed us that his match with Michael Wollahan, for the championship of Connecticut, will come off next month.

THE CAT GUT CUSHIONED BILLIARD TABLE, for which the manufacturers, Messrs. Kavanagh & Decker, claim superiority over all others, has been patented by them, the date of said patent being Dec. 18th, 1866. They advertise them for sale for $525 each, fully equipped. Those desirous to procure a "cat gut" should address the manufacturers according to instructions in their advertisement.

ANOTHER TOURNAMENT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF PENNSYLVANIA.—A meeting of the Pennsylvania Billiard Congress was held on Thursday, Jan. 10th, at which it was resolved to inaugurate another State tournament. It will commence in about ten days. There will be six competitors, and the games are to be played in the different billiard rooms of Philadelphia. Estaphe, Neims and Ryall will be the more prominent contestants.

OPENING OF THE CHARTER OAK BILLIARD ROOM.—It is expected that the temperance billiard room now being fitted up on Main street, Hartford, by Gershom B. Hubbell, will be opened about the 19th inst. Phelan, McDevitt, Wollahan, Hewins and others are to play.

BILLIARD TABLES FOR A NEW CLUB.—A number of Buffalonians, having formed themselves into club, with Hon. Millard Fillmore as President, Hon. W. G. Fargo as Secretary, and J. M. Hutchinson, Esq., as Treasurer, have given Messrs. Phelan & Collender an order for two tables. The club house is situated at the corner of Delaware and C[illegible] streets, Buffalo.

THE TURF.

For Sale.
THE PROPERTY OF A GENTLEMAN GOING TO EUROPE.—Three fine trotting horses as follows:—A fine Bay Stud, good style; has trotted in 2:33; 6 years old; of Empire and Abdallah mare stock. A dark brown colt, (time 2:50), 5 years old; stock Hamiltonian and a Bashaw mare. A fine gray Mare, 6 years old, suitable for any gentleman for business purposes. The above are all warranted sound and kind and as represented. In addition will be sold a splendid English Phaeton, built by day's work to order of the owner; a three-quarter road wagon, in good order; two new Sulkeys, built to order, together with Harness, Whips, Blankets, and everything to complete a gentleman's first class outfit. Sold only for the reasons specified above. Can be seen any day at the livery stable, corner Forty-fourth street and Fifth avenue. Will be sold together or separately. For terms, &c., apply to the stable proprietor, or to A. ODELL, National Express Stables, King street. 40-tf

$2000 CHALLENGE TO OWNERS OF HURDLE RACERS,
TO
RUN A TWO MILE RACE OVER 24 OR 32 HURDLES.

The rush to see a hurdle race where the horses are anything like evenly matched is a self-sufficient evidence of how popular the sport might become had we more of it and were a little more excitement brought into play, for it is very well known that the hurdles on our race tracks are seldom or ever higher than three feet, and of such a nature as to give way at the slightest touch of horses heels, while even with this the case eight hurdles are about the limit to a mile, which, while it gives the fastest horse the advantage, is hardly sufficient to prove a real test of their leaping qualities. The challenge below, it will be seen, specifies for a two mile race over twenty-four or thirty-two leaps, 4 feet 6 in. or 5 feet in height, and coming, as it does, from a non-professional turfman, whose horse has never been engaged in a match of any kind, either at leaping, trotting or running, we shall very much mistake the pluck of the owners of such noted hurdle leapers as Zigzag, Nannie Craddock, Gen. Williams, and so on, if they let this sweeping *defi* pass unnoticed. Here is the document:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.—*Sir.*—I hereby challenge any one in the United States or Canadas to produce a horse to compete with the mare, Black Bess, in a two mile race, over 24 or 32 stationary leaps, each leap to be 4 ft. 6 in. or 5 ft. in height, for from $1000 a side, the match to take place at the Jerome Park, Fordham, in May or June next. No limit to the weight of rider, and not to carry weight according to age. To those who may not know the mare, I would state that it is the same one which Miss Adah Isaacs Menken rode at the Broadway Theatre last Spring in Mazeppa, and has never been engaged in a match of any kind. This challenge to remain open until April 15th. Any one accepting the same will address,
H. B. GATES, Owner,
Clipper Office,
New York, Jan. 14, 1867. or 126 West 45th street.

NAME CLAIMED.—DETROIT, January 5th, 1867.—ED. NEW YORK CLIPPER.—I wish to claim the name of Charley Welch for my bay pacing horse, formerly known as Dan Rice.
W. H. SULLIVAN.

ROOME'S RESPONSE TO TUGMAN.—In reply to Tom Tugman's double dog challenge from Philadelphia, Jack Roome has sent in the following:—

MERCER ASSEMBLY ROOMS.
87 Mercer street, Jan. 14.

FRIEND QUEEN:—I herewith accept Mr. Tugman's challenge to me, and will fight a 30 pound dog against his 30 pound dog, for from $300 to $500 a side. As soon as he sends on a deposit to you I will cover the same and be prepared to sign articles.
Yours, etc., JACOB B. ROOME.

GYMNASTIC EXHIBITION.—The members of the City Gymnasium, Toledo, O., gave a public exhibition on the evening of the 5th inst. The most notable features of the entertainment were the performances of the Whittoney Brothers (proprietors of the gymnasium) on the trapeze, the raising of a 125lb dumb-bell and the club exercise by William Tate.

THE TWINS.

In form and feature, face and limb,
I grew so like my brother,
That folks got taking me for him,
And each for one another.
It puzzled all, both kith and kin;
It reached a dreadful pitch;
For one of us was born a twin,
And not a soul knew which.

One day, to make the matter worse,
Before our names were fixed,
As we were being washed by nurse,
We got completely mixed;
And thus, you see, by Fate's decree,
Or rather nurse's whim,
My brother John was christened "me,"
And I was christened "him."

The fatal likeness ever dogged
Our footsteps when at school,
For I was always getting flogged
If John turned out a fool.
In fact, year after year the same
Absurd mistake went on,
And when I died the neighbors came
And buried brother "John."

SEEING MORRISSEY.

A NEWSPAPER MAN HAS A TALK WITH JOHN—WHAT HE SAID—HOW HE LOOKS—FINANCIAL OPERATIONS—HIS CONNECTION WITH COMMODORE VANDERBILT, ETC.

Now that John Morrissey is a member elect of the next Congress, he has become quite a lion with newspaper correspondents, reporters, and men who manufacture public opinion generally. Recently a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* caught our lion for a short time only, and this is what he says concerning the ex-man of muscle, but now M. C.:—

Last night (Dec. 28th), while seated in the Fifth Avenue hotel, a gentleman approached me and said he desired to introduce to me the Hon. John Morrissey. I invited him to be seated and conversed with him, for a considerable length of time, upon various questions, and found him to be a remarkably courteous and polite gentleman, well informed; and, while he shows by his conversation that he lacks the advantages of an early education, he is in many respects a remarkable man. His strong points lie in his manly candor and strong common sense. He conversed about himself with unusual frankness and answered courteously all questions that were propounded to him by the gentlemen present. He said that he had no idea of becoming a candidate for Congress when the newspapers first announced his name, but that so much had been said against him by certain newspapers that he concluded to become a candidate and show them that, notwithstanding their opposition, he could be nominated and elected.

After his nomination many of his friends came to him and advised him to close up his gambling-houses and abandon all business of that character. He replied, "that if elected, he must be taken as he was." He had made up his mind that, in case he was successful, he would abandon the business; but he kept his own counsel. "Now," said he, "I am a member of the Fortieth Congress, and after 1st of January, '67, I shall cease to be connected in any manner with gambling, no matter whether in stocks, gold, or with cards." This he considered a duty he owed to his family, his constituents and society.

Upon being asked by a gentleman as to how he came to get into the good graces of Vanderbilt, he replied that in the spring of '62 he had been operating but a short time in Wall street, and was caught in one of Vanderbilt's operations, (Harlem), by which he lost $80,000. He had but $60,000, which he paid, and gave his notes to Vanderbilt's broker for the remaining $20,000. This was in the spring of the year, just as he was getting ready to leave for Saratoga. He had but $600, all told, and that was not sufficient to commence business (gambling) there. He knew Vanderbilt but slightly, and one morning he called at Vanderbilt's stables, and found that gentlemen just going out to ride. Vanderbilt spoke to him and said, "John, they tell me you lost heavily in Harlem. How much did you lose?" Mr. Morrissey replied, "About $80,000—all I have in the world. I am now going to Saratoga, and merely want to say I have not come here to cry or make a poor face; I only wish when you have something good that you will allow me to come in."

Vanderbilt said, "Well, come and see me frequently. I want to talk with you. But how will you go to Saratoga without means?"

Morrissey—"I will borrow some up country."

"Oh! never mind that. Come and see me. I will loan you $20,000," said Vanderbilt, and he drove off.

He was as good as his word, and loaned Morrissey the money, refusing to take even a note, merely remarking, "If your word is not good your note is certainly of no account."

After Vanderbilt's arrival at Saratoga, Morrissey found him upon several occasions at his stable looking at a remarkably fine horse he owned, and for which he had been several times offered $12,000. One morning Mr. Vanderbilt asked him what he would take for him. He replied "that he was not for sale; but if he would accept of him, he was welcome to the horse as a present." "Had I sold the horse to Mr. Vanderbilt for a round sum, he would at once have concluded that I had no gratitude, and merely desired his acquaintance for selfish purposes," added Mr. Morrissey. This was the commencement of their acquaintance, which is continued up to this time. During the winter of 1862-63, they formed the memorable corner in Harlem which fairly shook the foundations of Wall street, and overwhelmed many of its most daring operators with financial ruin. The operation, says Mr. Morrissey, was not originally intended as a money making operation, but it was done to punish a number of stock and railroad men who had attempted to depreciate the Harlem road (which is principally owned by Vanderbilt), and run down its stock, they at the same time being recipients of favors from Vanderbilt, who learned that they were all "short of Harlem" for large amounts. Vanderbilt at one time contemplated putting the stock up to $1,000 per share, which he had the power to do, and thus break every man who "was short of it," but that would yield no profit, and Morrissey finally persuaded him not to do so, but to allow it to remain at a figure where they could collect the difference.

Mr. Vanderbilt never forgives any person who tries to depreciate his property, and whenever he makes up his mind to punish an operator, he will do it severely. There is no let up about him after he once commences.

Morrissey seemed to understand and appreciate the position in which he is now placed. He was a poor uneducated boy when he came here, and fell in with firemen, local politicians and gamblers. He had done the best he could, and said he had always been fair between man and man. He had been a prize fighter and a gambler, but he could not help that now. He would make no promises for the future, but did not intend that his friends should have any cause to regret his future conduct and course of life.

SEEING THE WRONG SHOWMAN;
OR,
Mrs. Brown at the Egyptian Hall, London.

I says, "Me go to the 'Gyptian 'All? never," as is a place as I don't 'old with, through 'earin' speak about a feller there in the name of Scratchley, as took me off, and yet should like to hear what he's got to say about me, not as it can be a bit like. So Mrs. Elkins, she says to me as she wanted werry much for to go, but did'nt like to be seen there alone, as I'm sure might go to the world's end safe and sound for her looks, let alone her time of life, as will never see fifty no more in this world, and in my opinion nearer sixty of the two, though certainly wearin' well, not as ever I could abear them mow-'air fronts as she will stick to, and too much bonnet cap to my taste.

It was all through a-stoppin' a day or two with 'er, as lives close agin Palestine place, Bethnal Green, where they converts the Jews, though I only knowed of one, as I'm sure looked as much like a Jew as ever, and I don't think ever took to pork kindly in 'is 'art. Well, as she'd set 'er mind on goin', a-sayin' as we should be 'ome early, and ordered supper by eleven, and the 'bus a-takin us from door to door, as the sayin' is, I didn't so much mind, not as I likes bein stived up at the end of one of them 'buses, wit' not a breath of air and that straw a-smellin' that sickly, and jolted me that dreadful as I seemed shook to death by the time as we was set down in Piccadilly, and 'ad only time for to take just a something for to still my nerves as was shook to fiddle-strings, as the sayin' is, and up we goes to the 'Gyptian 'All. There was that crowd at the door as I says to Mrs. Elkins, "I ain't a-goin' for to be shoved about like an alligator for to please nobody," when a gent comes up and says, "We'll find room for you, Mrs. Brown," and sure enough he did, though I'm sure how he knowed me I can't think, and though a seat I got, it was very soon like settin' on one another's laps, as is a thing I don't 'old with in the general way.

I can't say as I thinks much of that 'Gyptian 'All to look at, but then when you thinks of the thousands of years as it 'as been built, when in course they didn't 'ardly know nothing, why, it's wonderful as it's as good as it is, and Mrs. Elkins says as she well remembered it a bullock's museum, as was no doubt the cattle show in them days. There was beautiful music played as you couldn't see but 'ear, like the inwisible gal as I've 'eard my dear mother speak on as did used to 'ear, see, and say nothin'.

Arter the music a gentleman he come in with a lovely 'ead of 'air and deep mournin', as looked solemn and spoke beautiful, though whatever parties could see to keep a-bustin' out laughin' at I couldn't make out, for he never smiled 'isself, and looked that serious as I could see he felt 'urt at their laughture. I never did see more lovely paintins as he showed us in a frame, as he told us was solid gold, as made parties laugh, though no doubt it were true, 'cos he said as he'd been in them parts where the gold and silver comes from, and the bricks is made of silver, and of course gold is to be 'ad reasonable just the same as coals, as you can get for next to nothin' in them parts where the mines is, leastways so I've 'eard say.

But I couldn't 'ardly set still to 'ear 'im tell about them wagabones, them Mormons, as he says 'ave got wives by the 'undred and only one mother-in-law, as don't seem nat'ral to me; but when he showed a picter of one old reprobate with all 'is wives and children a playin' about 'im that barefaced, I says, "Shame." Says a chap next me, "What do you mean by shame?" "Why," I says, "I can't bear to see them creeturs as is no better than so many columbines."

But law, it's wonderful the things as they've got over there, a lake as is brimful of salt, and he told us as they pickles their pork in while alive, as must be painful to them dumb creeturs as 'as their feelin's no doubt, though a great savin' of time and rubbin' in. 'Owever them women there can put up with 'avin' fresh wives brought 'ome constant I can't make out, for if Brown was to dare to I'd pretty soon make short work of the 'ussy. Not but what that gentleman spoke werry proper, a-sayin' it was idjous in a man to 'ave so many wives, as made me say, "Right you are." I quite took to that young man, as I'm sure's been brought up serous, and says to Mrs. Elkins, "I can't think whatever fools keeps on a-grinnin' like mad when he's a-talkin' that proper as I 'olds with."

I was that wild with one party close to me as kep' a-shoutin' with laughin' so as I couldn't ear a word at one part as I wanted partikler to listen, for he said as he was a-goin' to tell us something werry serous, and I couldn't hear a word for their laughin' and only see 'is lips keep a-movin' and 'im looking that solemn and all as I could 'ear was about somebody a-faintin' in some one's arms, so I says to Mrs. Elkins, "If them grinnin' babboons is a-goin' on like this we may as well go, for I can't 'ear a word for 'em."

Says a young chap, "What did you come for?" I says, "That's my business." "You can't see a joke," says he. "Can't I," says I. I says, "That gentleman is quite put out with your be'avin' that rude," and so he was, for he left the room twice, though once was for to shove up the moon, through bein' a man short, as he said.

So I says, after a bit, "He ain't much like his picter." "No," says Mrs. Elkins, "and 'as growd a full 'ead since I see 'im at Drury Lane."

"He wasn't never at Drury Lane," says the young man as was next 'er. "That he was," says she, "for I 'eard 'im myself a-talkin' about Mrs. Brown at the play. "As is a base falsehood," says I.

Says the young man, "Why that's Arthur Sketchley," as you're a-talkin' about." "Well, ain't this Arthur Sketchley," says I. "No," says the young man, "this is the Halbert Smith of America, in the name of Artemus Ward."

"I thought he couldn't be that Mr. Scratchley," says I, "for he don't look like any one as would take off a lady, a-makin free with 'er name. Well then it was just over, as ended in the national anthem, and I'd been that pleased, I says, "Brayvo," behaved to my [illegible] through the way as they and I'm sure any time as that gent over there a-goin' to Canady, cup of tea I should be proud and 'appy, and shouldn't 'ave no fear of his puttin' no ideas about them Mormons into Brown's 'ead, not as Brown is a man as would 'old with a many wives, as well I remembers 'im a-sayin' when the man as kep' the broker's shop opposite was took up and persecuted for bergamy through marryin' twice, as he thought the best punishment for a man as married two wives would be to compel 'im to live in the same 'ouse with 'em.

Well I kep' on a-sayin' brayvo quite loud, and a-thumpin' on the ground with my umbrella as is nat'ral, bein' pleased, and flattened my ferril, when a cross-grained chap says quite grumpy, "Confound your noise, be quiet, can't you?" I says, "You're no gentleman to speak like that to a lady as ain't a-molestin you no how.

He says, "You've pretty nigh battered my toes to bits with your confounded umbreller." I says, "Put your toes in your pocket," for I was rather put out. So he says, "Next time as you're a-comin' out and 'as onions for dinner let me adwise you to bile 'em." I says, "You're a insultin' wagabone, and if I was a man I'd pull your nose."

We was a-goin' out just then and me at the top of the stairs, when I do believe as that chap give me a shove, for some how I missed my foot and down I pitches for'ard and swep' all before me, and might 'ave fell into a glass door only a iron bar saved me as I felt for days arter. I spoke to the policeman as was werry civil, and so was they all, but the young fellow, he declared as he never touched me, and I wasn't quite sure whether I 'adn't ketched my foot in my gownd as is werry baggy in front through Mrs. Pollin a-puttin' in the linin' too slack, as really I must get some one else to make for me, for she's made up that coburg downright shameful.

They took me into a doctor's shop two doors off, as I'm sure be'aved like so many fathers to me, and give me a composin' draught and wouldn't take no money, but begged as I'd sit there till I recovered my breath, as I did for at least a quarter of a' 'our and then we started, and we walked along, for the night bein' chilly, Mrs. Elkins said as we'd better, and the 'bus would overtake us, but la, we kep' a-walkin' and a-walkin', and at last I says, "wherever can the 'bus be got to, I don't see no signs of one," so I asks a policeman as says, "Bless you, you've come wrong; why this is Long Acre. You'd better go into 'Obun as is nearest for to get one." I thought as I should 'ave died with the cold, my teeth was a-chatterin' in my 'ead, so I says, "For mercy sake, Mrs. Elkins, let's get a little somethin' 'ot in a respectable 'ouse," as we got accordin', and set a-talkin' over it in the bottle department where there was a couple of stools, as was better nor nothing.

I didn't much fancy the young woman's way as was at the bar, for she kep' a-coming and wipin' down the counter, so I says, "Don't keep on a-fidgetin' any one to death like that." She says, "If you're goin' to stick 'ere all night over that sixpen'orth of rum-and-water you're enough to fidget any one."

I says, "Don't you be rude," and if she didn't take and turn up 'er nose at me. I see what it was, she wanted me to make way for a young chap as was a standin' there smokin', and if he didn't take and puff 'is cigar right in my face. I give 'im one for 'isself in the chest with my elber as sent 'im that wiolent agin the petition as brought out the landlord, and if he didn't tell the pot boy for to turn us out. Mrs. Elkins was that frightened as she bolted out of the place, so in course I follered and 'ad to crawl all the way to the Bank afore gettin' a 'bus for Bethnal Green, as it was near one when we got 'ome, and the supper spi'lt, and the beer as 'ad been fetched by eleven as dead as ditchwater. But I'd go anywheres for to 'ear that Merrykin gent as puts down them Mormons, as is parties I don't 'old with.

A SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE; OR THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS DISCOVERED.—Persons recently from Reel Foot Lake, in Obion County, West Tennessee, inform us that the assemblage of water fowls at that place is truly marvelous. Several years ago a large and well timbered region, some seven miles long, suddenly sank during an earthquake, and the basin immediately filled up with water, forming the present Reel Foot Lake. Almost every species of aquatic bird, great and small, from the tiniest plover to the stately swan, now frequent the spot. Canvas back ducks dance on the surface like great fleets of lilliputian vessels, wild geese sound their trumpet calls on all sides, and tall cranes wade lazily about in regiments in search of food. Brants, cormorants, teals, mallards, didappers and snipes darken the air at times with the sweep of their many colored wings. Not unfrequently a magnificent swan, robed in plumes of spotless purity, the very poetry of the wave, floats by the delighted sportsman and too often falls the victim of his fowling piece. The traffic in these birds is becoming quite an item, and large numbers of them are shipped to Memphis. There is probably not a more attractive spot for a fisherman or huntsman in the whole country.

THE ORIGIN OF FRICTION MATCHES.—In 1832 a man by the name of Phillips, in Oakland, Connecticut, invented and patented a match that would ignite by friction. He made them upon a small scale, as his means were limited, put them in tin boxes of one hundred each, and sold them to the inhabitants about, carrying them in a pocket handkerchief. Many persons still recollect the fear and consternation in the minds of the people at the time, lest their houses and barns would be burned by the hand of the incendiary, and many thought that he should be restrained from scattering his fire-brands in the community. Phillips afterwards removed to Springfield, Massachusetts, where he formed a co-partnership with a man by the name of Chapin, under the title of "Chapin & Phillips," when they largely increased the production of matches. The first matches were made and dipped singly by hand; afterwards Phillips invented the card matches. Such, in brief, is the early history of this little article that is now considered an indispensable necessity. There must be many persons now living in Hartford who will recollect the red wagon, painted in large letters upon the side, "Friction Matches," as it passed through the streets, drawn by one horse.

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DON JUAN IN AMERICA.

Written Expressly for the N. Y. Clipper.

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CANTO II.

XXII.

Some months were to elapse before the ball,
But it was time to get the dresses ready,
For the "codfish aristocracy" and all
The "upper ten" were growing quite unsteady,
And many a lovely robe and costly shawl
(Which last came from the region of the Medi-
—terranean Sea) were to be duly ordered,
And petticoats with lace must needs be bordered.

XXIII.

Kate knew her power (like all good-looking girls)
And had resolved that in this grand affair
If lovely eyes, sweet lips and golden curls
Could captivate the young and royal heir,
She'd have him; and if diamonds and pearls
Were needed to bestow *distingue* air
She knew her father had the wherewithal
To buy them at the store of Black & Ball.

XXIV.

But Juan seemed to raise some new emotions
Within the fair girl's breast; she quite forgot
Her new gored dress, flounced skirts and other notions
'Bout which she came to ask; her bright eyes shot
Some tender shafts of love, and all her motions
Betrayed that passion which I fear was not
So cool as Plato kindly recommends
To his misguided followers and their friends.

XXV.

Who shall describe the rare exquisite pleasure
Of being the object of a fair girl's love,
Of feeling that for you alone the treasure
Exists? The angels in their homes above
Might envy you, provided they had leisure
To gaze upon our sphere; they could improve
Their blessings in the City of the Blest
By having love scrapes to give Heaven a zest.

XXVI.

My muse is further from New York than ever;
'Twas quite a simple thing with which I started,
To wit: That Juan being dark and clever,
Enraptured Katie, who was tender-hearted;
But if I wander so I'm sure I'll never
Reach my tale's point; e'en now I have imparted
More silly fancies and more worthless knowledge
Than ever Hazey got at Amherst College.

XXVII.

Some months (I think I said) were to elapse
Before the ball, so let us westward ho!
Follow the Prince, as Juan did: perhaps
You've sailed up the broad Hudson, and so know
The beauty of the Highland Range, that caps
The climax of all scenery earth can show;
Where sunshine sleeps within the water's sheen
That tall pines shade with everlasting green.

XXVIII.

I mind me of the days too long agone
When, sitting by that grand old river's shore,
I saw the pleasant future fancy drawn,
And longed to sail into that Great Before
Which seemed as bright as summer's morning dawn.
But ah! the dream is passed, and nevermore
Will coming days be lighted with the lamps
Of joy. (That's sad, because I'm out of "stamps.")

XXIX.

On board, the Don a jolly party found;
And on the deck, enjoying a cool breeze,
His Royal Highness sat, while all around
Were pretty ladies; 'twas a sight to please
The crustiest tourist, and the Prince was bound
To own that if a man desired his ease
He to America would come, or ought to—
This was precisely what Don Juan thought, too.

XXX.

Amongst the ladies was the famed Miss Blodgett,
Who in four years had written four large books
And gained a reputation (who could dodge it?)
And was possessed of riches and good looks.
She stole her poetry, but knew how to lodge it
So nicely in the crannies and the nooks
Of words and verses that the rightful owners
Appeared at best as merely willing loaners.

XXXI.

Her novels were as full of love and scandal
As oranges of juice; the naughty wife
And handsome villain she could deftly handle,
And take (on paper) in cold blood a life;
In rapid writing none could hold a candle
To fair Miss Blodgett, and tho' tales were rife]
That she had lovers in too great variety,
She still held up her head in good society.

XXXII.

Juan's adventures of an earlier day
She knew by heart, such fact left little play
Was he whom Donna Julia once caressed,
Who held o'er Haidee's heart supremest sway,
And gave to Dudu's dreams peculiar zest.
But tho' she did not know how famous *he* was,
She quick concluded that he worshipped Eros.

XXXIII.

An introduction was, of course, in order,
And literature and love formed ample themes
For conversation; he did much applaud her
Last book (he hadn't read the same, it seems);
She quoted from her verse these words: "The border
Of Heaven doth touch the misty land of Dreams."
He liked that, for he'd read the same himself
In some old book a century on the shelf.

XXXIV.

The lady called Don Juan's accents "sweet,"
His eyes "divine," and his moustaches "splendid,"
And when, in turn, he praised her tiny feet
And handsome form, she didn't seem offended;
And then they sought a more retired seat
So, that in case their light flirtation ended
In anything more tender, all "the set"
Need not behold the breach of etiquette.

XXXV.

Of course you know Miss Blodgett came from Boston,
Or "born in Boston" was the phrase she used.
If some poor native of that place was tossed on
A barren island, and the waves refused
To bring him succor, I believe the lost one
When he met Death—the monarch oft abused—
Would make to that grim king th' important statement,
That "he was born in Boston," with elatement.

XXXVI.

And yet I like the old and crooked city,
In spite of all the pride contained therein:
Their women and their common both are pretty,
Tho' rather small—the former sometimes sin.
They have a Holmes-pun doctor, who's so witty
That jokes, not pills, are what he deals most in.
He gave me one prescription quite gigantic:
"My friend," he said, "please swallow the *Atlantic*."

XXXVII.

They have a monument a few miles out,
On Bunker Hill; 'tis small but very neat;
A native who was showing me about
Was asked its height: reply: one thousand feet.
They think their town could put the world to rout;
And when twelve houses burnt on Beacon street
Their papers printed in confusion dire,
"Partial destruction of the world by fire!"

XXXVIII.

They always go to church on Sunday morning,
And hold that if this earth should cease to be
They would receive a previous special warning
In time to pack up for eternity.
They talk about New York in tones of scorning,
And claim to be the lords of land and sea;
They (and here end my truthful Boston scenes,)
Are chiefly fed on codfish, pork and beans.

XXXIX.

The Don at best was but a fickle fellow,
And when he met Miss Blodgett's loving glances,
And saw her breast rise like a little billow,
He felt his own heart thrill with amorous fancies,
And thought how pleasant it would be to pillow
His head upon her bosom. But the chances
Were not, he deemed, propitious of success—
He feeling some awe for an authoress.

XL.

However, as her hand by chance was placed
Close to his own, he seized the dainty thing,
And soon his arm encircled her small waist;
And tho' she looked rebuke, the fluttering
Of her fine form belied the look. A taste
Of love's first chapter was enough to bring
The warm flush to her cheek, so you may guess
The other parts would not of joy fetch less.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ADVICE TO SKATERS.—Now that the various ponds and creeks are in condition for skaters, says an exchange, a word of advice to those who indulge in the sport may not prove inopportune. In order to be benefitted by the exercise it is not necessary to be on the ice more than an hour or so at a time, as violent enjoyment is certain to be productive of serious results. Men sit or lie on the ice when fatigued. Many a cold has been thus contracted which has carried to the grave youthful victims. When heated, instead of taking off overcoats, mufflers, etc., be moderate in your evolutions, and cool yourself in this way. It is better not to have overcoats or mufflers on the person at all when skating, as, when warm, and the exercise ended, these comfortables can be then put on, and be just the things needed to guard against sudden chills. As it has now become the general practice for ladies to skate, the utmost caution is necessary to make the exercise beneficial. Therefore the limbs should be well protected from the wind by comfortable encasements, and one hour's indulgence in the sport is sufficient. Many a once healthy woman has been seriously injured by remaining on the ice an immoderate length of time; and the gentlemen who act as escorts to the fair sex should use good judgment, when they have so delicate charges in their keeping, and not measure their power of endurance with their own. "A word to the wise is sufficient," and we hope it will prove salutary.

CLAUDE NIGHT;

OR,

A BLACK MASK AND A WHITE FACE.

CHAPTER LV.

COMMOTION IN LONDON — NELL GWYNNE PLEADS FOR CLAUDE NIGHT—THE HIGHWAYMAN SECURES AUDIENCE WITH THE KING—COURT BADINAGE—A GRAVE CHARGE—THE DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH A POISONER—THE EARL OF CASTELFORT HER VICTIM.

And, meanwhile, which was winning in that last struggle between the destinies of the highwayman and the Court lady. Had that ancient Giles Fletcher succeeded in his design, and had he silenced Henrietta of Portsmouth's dreaded enemy for ever? No! Before Lady Portsmouth herself knew of her defeat, the honest burghers were all joyfully talking over the capture of the daring robber and his safe committal to Newgate. He had struggled desperately, and in the confusion one of the constables had been shot; but Claude Night (said the 'prentices) was safe and sound, and probably breakfasting in Newgate with his usual appetite. The world of London was generally satisfied, and it was whispered that though the prisoner would not be prosecuted for the absolute robbery of the Crown jewels, the King was not likely to prevent the sentence of death being carried out for the supposed murder of the Earl of Castelfort, and the other crimes, of which it was said there was a grand list. In short, it was unanimously decided that this time Claude Night should be hanged. It must be confessed the prisoner thought so himself; and as he sat in his cell—pale, cold, utterly exhausted both in body and mind with his long struggle with such evil fortune—he felt almost indifferent. He had schooled himself to the idea that the Earl had murdered his wife; and now that Ethelind no longer existed, life seemed to him scarcely worth having, and could he have given it up in fair fight, or in some less ignoble manner than on the gallows, he would have done so with almost a sense of relief. So depressed was he, that the mystery of his arrest did not trouble him, and not one thought did he give to the manner in which it had been contrived. But if Claude was weary of struggling and battling for himself, there was one person at least who determined to make another effort for him.

That was blue eyed, kind hearted Nell Gwynne. Though she had preferred a royal lover to him, she had never quite forgot her first young love, and her interest in his fate was always ready to prompt her to any act which she thought might be of service. It was with pale cheeks and a sinking heart that Nell heard of his arrest. That he was guiltless of the murder of Lord Castelfort, she felt convinced; for Claude was not the man to deal in poisons. But she knew the King's interference would be difficult to gain, as the pardon of Blood and Mildmay had given such general dissatisfaction; and though Charles would not permit the prosecution for the robbery, he would probably be willing to take shelter both from his own obstinacy and the public anger, in the compromise of prosecution for murder.

Nell understood her royal lover well enough to know that at present any intercession for the highwayman's life would be madness. Her woman's wit, however, suggested one other chance. She knew Charles was displeased with the Duchess of Portsmouth, and she thought if she could contrive an interview between the King and Claude, in which the latter should have an opportunity of relating all the mysterious history of the cameo rings, Claverton's death, and the other incidents which we have detailed, Charles might be induced to insist upon a more minute investigation of the charge against him. At any rate, Nell determined to try; and acting on her own responsibility, she persuaded the King to grant the prisoner an audience, representing that he had important communications to make; and then with all dispatch she herself hurried to Newgate, and bribing the gaoler to admit her to Claude's cell, told him what she had done, and besought him to demand to be taken before his Majesty. And with such celerity was all this done, that scarcely eight hours had elapsed since Claude was slowly making his way to Janet Perling's abode, little dreaming of the armed force there awaiting him, before, surrounded by a strong guard, he was on the road to Whitehall, there to make one last desperate attempt for his life. The news that the celebrated highwayman had demanded an audience of the King had somehow become spread; and those courtiers and favorites of Charles, who, for reasons of their own, or out of curiosity, desired to hear what passed, were already clustering about the palace, and round their royal master, as usual, making the magnificent apartments resound with mirth and jests, whilst their rich dresses made it a scene of dazzling colors.

The King was seated near the fire, apparently toying with an exquisite little spaniel, of that breed which even now bears his name, but from time to time he looked up with uneasy glances at Rochester and Buckingham. Those noblemen, as usual, were the life and wit of the company; but even they occasionally turned towards each other, and spoke in low tones in a manner that betokened more gravity than generally belonged to them.

"Odd's fish, my lords!" at length the King exclaimed, a little impatiently: "but methinks, if things go on in this way, our Court will soon become one of law!"

"Or of justice, your Majesty, which would be, perhaps, even more singular!" laughed Rochester.

"At any rate, my liege, it might lighten the State expenses," added Buckingham.

But Charles was out of humor, and, instead of laughing, pulled the spaniel's ears. At that instant the clatter of arms and heavy footsteps made all eyes turn towards the door, and even the King looked hastily round as Claude Night, pale and haggard, but with a proud, stately mien, stepped forward amongst the gorgeous crowd of courtiers, and fixing his eyes on the monarch, bowed with almost courtly grace. Why, he scarcely knew, but there was something in the glance of those dark grey eyes which startled Charles. Some long-forgotten chord seemed touched; and, leaning back for an instant, the King shaded his brow with his hand, and seemed to be absorbed in some intense thought.

"Well, Master Night," at length he exclaimed, rousing himself and endeavoring to speak in his usual light tone likely to induce have communications for our private ear?"

Claude glanced round the group of courtiers.

"But communications, my liege, which partake too much of the confession to be spouted before such a merry company as now surrounds your Majesty."

"Marry, sire, the brave captain means he is about to make his dying speech and confession, and he desires that your majesty play the part of chaplain. Methinks the character will be rather novel; but——"

"Peace, Rochester!" interrupted the king, impatiently. "In truth, these scenes are not to my taste," he added, turning to Claude; "and we have only granted your request, Sir Robber, that we might not seem loth to do you less justice than to your comrades. We fear, however, in the matter of Lord Castelfort's murder, 'tis more a case for you to seek the assistance of some learned lawyer than our royal mercy. Murder is a crime to which we like not to extend our royal prerogative of pardon."

"And I came not to petition pardon for such a crime," answered the highwayman, proudly. "My career is *not* stainless, but of foul, deliberate murder I am guiltless."

"Ay, and of foul, deliberate robbery also, perchance!" said a voice from the crowd.

Claude turned hastily, and then his grey eyes sweeping the King, Buckingham, and one or two other noblemen standing near with haughty meaning, he answered fiercely, "Were I put upon my trial for that, I might so plead."

The King roused up again.

"Tut! tut! enough of this! If you have aught to say, man, which can better your case, say it! Justice you shall have, at least, but only justice! Prove to us that the murder of Robert Castelfort was committed by other than yourself, and you shall leave our presence a free man, in spite of your other peccadilloes!"

For an instant the highwayman hesitated. What! tell out the name which the dead man had himself uttered, with such curses, to that crowd of sneering, jesting profligates! Not one of them but would laugh him back the lie direct.

"My story is for your majesty's private ear!" he said sternly; "and methinks when your majesty hears it, you will say it was well not to offer it for the public jest and public inspection."

"Tut, man! speak out; it pleasures me not to play the father confessor to your robbership! Speak out, if you dare!"

"Dare!" The eyes of the prisoner flashed fire. "Your Majesty commands, otherwise I would have been more merciful, since I accuse the *Duchess of Portsmouth* of poisoning the Earl of Castelfort!"

The King started from his chair.

"Slife, gentlemen, but the farce is carried too far! Got hence, villain, and take your accusation before another judge, if such are the communications you have to make to us! Remove him, guards!"

"No, no!" cried a clear, ringing voice, daringly interrupting the king's commands—"no, no! not till justice is done!"

The whole Court, even Charles himself, turned in astonishment. There, in the doorway, with dark, gleaming eyes and ashily pale brow, stood Ethelind, Countess of Castelfort!

CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT.

THE SIX DEGREES OF DRUNKENNESS.

A Menagerie of Topers.

The following homily we give as we found it, leaving our sober fellow citizens to warrant for the truth therein contained.

The most foolish predicament a man can get into is to get drunk. In drunkenness every man shows his strongest and most ardent passion. There are six kinds of drunkards, and if you will go into a city drinking place where there are a dozen men under the influence of liquor, you will be sure to find these six different characters, representing different animals.

The first is ape-drunk. He leaps, and sings, and yells, and dances, making all sorts of grimaces and cutting up all sorts of "monkey shines" to excite the laughter of his fellows! Terribly silly is the drunken clown.

The second is tiger-drunk. He breaks the bottles, breaks the chairs, breaks the heads of fellow carousers, and is full of blood and thunder. His eyes are fired with vengeance, and his soul raves with murderous fury. Of this sort are those who abuse their families.

The third is hog drunk. He rolls in the dirt on the floor, slobbers and grunts, and going into the streets makes his bed in the first ditch or filthy corner he may happen to fall into. He is heavy, lumpish and sleepy, and cries in a grunting way for a little more to drink.

The fourth is puppy drunk. He will weep for kindness, and whine his love and hug you in his arms, and kiss you with his slobbery lips and proclaim how much he loves you. You are the best man he ever saw, and he will lay down his money or his life for you.

The fifth is owl drunk. He is wise in his own conceit. No man must differ with him, for his word is law. He is true in politics, and all matter must be taken as authority. His arm is the strongest, his voice the sweetest, his horse the fleetest, his turnips the largest, his town the finest of all in the room or land.

The sixth and last animal in the menagerie is the fox drunk man. He is crafty, ready to trade horses and cheat if he can. Keen to strike a bargain, leering around with low cunning, peeking through cracks, listening under the eaves, watching for some suspicious thing, sly as a fox, sneaking as a wolf. He is the meanest drunkard of them all.

A DIAMOND TRANSACTION.—M. Kramer, a Paris jeweler, recently sent a parcel of diamonds, of the value of £17,200, to Alexandria, by the Messageries Imperiales. The box was stolen, and M. Kramer having declared the value of the contents at £10,000 only, the Messageries has been ordered to pay that amount, so that the jeweler has lost £7,200 by his misrepresentation.

HARD FARE.—In the stomach of a cow killed recently at Salisbury, Pa., a carpenter's scratch awl, lost two years before, was found.

THE GYMNAST'S STORY;

OR,

How I Won My Wife.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY HARRY EARLE.

I am a Gymnast. Do not fear, sensitive reader. Although men of my profession are proscribed class, still we are human, and have hearts susceptible to every emotion of joy or sorrow. At least I must assume this much as my story is one of the heart. I have a beautiful wife, and it is my intention—with your permission—to tell you how I won her.

My brother and myself had just signed contracts for an engagement at the U—— Theatre, or performance being the double trapeze act and others of the act Gymnastique. It was our first appearance in the United States, and we were, naturally, anxious to please, as our after success depended upon the reception of our first performance. The opening night came, and the house was crowded, for in those days there were comparatively few who performed the act, and its novelty and seeming danger was a sufficient incntive to secure a full attendance.

My brother and myself had completed our toilets and were seated in the green-room waiting for the conclusion of the drama, between which and the customary afterpiece, or farce, our act was billed. At length the surges of applause from the body of the theatre told the end of the drama; the call-boy summoned us, and as the crash of the magnificent orchestra sounded in our ears we stepped from the wings and advanced to the footlights.

Amid the sea of faces before me I looked for a familiar one, but in vain, and turning, I stepped back to the rope by which we ascended to the trapeze, and going up hand over hand, was soon seated in my swinging perch. As I looked down I caught sight of a face in one of the boxes that at once attracted my attention.

It was that of a beautiful girl, with sweet blue eyes and golden hair falling unconfined over her shoulders in heavy waving masses. Her beautiful eyes turned toward me, expressed only terror at the seeming danger of the performer, and for a moment I longed to assure her of my perfect safety, but my brother was by my side, and we began our performance. In the pauses for breath I could see that sweet face, now pale as death, and the blue eyes staring wide open with fear, and I dreaded the effect of our finish, which—being the drop act—gives the uninitiated the impression that both performers are about to be dashed headlong to the stage. Having completed the double performance, I ascended to the upper bar, and casting off the connect, we began our combination feats.

While hanging by my feet in the upper trapeze, my brother being suspended from my hands (the lower bar being drawn back by a super.), I felt a slight shock, and the rope began slowly to slip past my foot. My heart gave a great jump, and then seemed to stop, as I realized our awful situation. The seizing which held the rope had parted, the rope was gliding round the bar, and in another moment, we should be lying senseless on the stage. I shouted "under," to the terrified "super," who instantly swung the bar back to its place, and I dropped my brother on it as the last strand snapped, and I plunged downward.

I saw the lower bar darting by me, as it seemed, and I made a desperate grasp at it, for it was my last chance.

I caught it; my brother quickly seized me by the arm, and in another moment I was seated safely by his side, kissing my hand to the shouting multitude.

I glanced toward the box, the occupants were bending over a prostrate form, and an usher hurrying with a glass of water. The lady had fainted.

As I grasped the rope, and descended to the stage, I felt myself growing weak, the lights began to look dim and to spin round and round, and I had barely time to reach the green-room when I fell fainting to the floor. A few drops of water sprinkled in my face restored me to consciousness, and hastily changing my dress, I hurried to one of the wings and glanced up at the box. It was empty. Hastening round to the street entrance, I met the usher whom I had seen bringing the water, and was informed by him that the lady had been driven away in a private carriage, but more than that he could not tell.

We went to our rooms, and that night, while my brother slept, I sat by the fire thinking over the events of the night—my peril, my escape, and her interest in me, an entire stranger—and I felt that I loved the sweet girl, although I might never be able to tell her so.

The next night came and passed, but she was not there. Night after night I looked for the blue eyes and golden hair, but I saw them only in my dreams. At length our engagement was concluded, and the better to efface from my mind the memory that was making my life a burden, I resolved on a trip to Newport. So, after a hasty packing up, and a hot, dusty ride in a first class car, my brother and myself were set down in the pretty little city referred to.

For a few days we went through the regular routine of bathing and the opera like dutiful Americans, but at length this became stale and irksome, so one day, being in an unusually nervous mood, I sauntered down to the docks, and, hiring a small skiff, started out for a few hours' pull, for rowing was one of my accomplishments.

I had just pulled out from the boat house and into deep water, when a small yacht passed me with a pleasure party on board, probably bound down the harbor for a day's fishing. As she glided by I heard a silvery laugh and caught a glimpse of golden curls, and my mind reverted to the beautiful girl who cared more for me than I did for myself, and as I pulled easily along in the wake of the yacht, I fell to dreaming, like Maud Muller, of "what might have been."

A shout and the shrieks of voices broke my reverie, and turning in my seat, I looked at the yacht, now some distance ahead. All was in confusion—some one had let go the sheet, and as the breeze was very light she would not come about, but lay like a log. While but a few yards astern I saw a white face and a cloud of cry, and shutting my teeth hard, I laid back on the oars with all my power.

The slender blades bent and doubled, but *held*, thank God, and the light wherry darted through the water like a fish. As I neared the spot where she had gone down, I dropped the oars, and rising in the boat, threw off my coat and hat, and kicked off my shoes; then, as the fare face rose and sank for the last time, I dived over the side and caught her by her long flowing hair. As we rose to the surface I transferred my grasp to her waist, placing her arm over my neck and holding her thus by one arm, struck out for the skiff.

A half dozen strokes and I seized the gunwale, but the least attempt to climb into the little craft caused her to dip, and fearing to capsize the boat I could only hold on to the side until the yacht should come up. I need not have looked at her, as she lay senseless across my arm, with her white cheek resting on my shoulder, to have recognized her. My heart told me whose shriek it was that filled my ears as the dark water closed over her. And there, clinging to that frail support, I pressed my lips to her cold forehead and thanked God that I was there to save her. I looked for the yacht. She had at last gone about and was bearing down upon us, and close at hand. As she came up, the pilot in his excitement forgot his seamanship, and instead of putting the helm down and coming into the wind, he jammed it hard up, a puff of wind filled the huge sail, and with a surge, she gathered rapid headway and darted straight upon us. I had only time to throw myself before the still insensible girl when the boat struck me. I felt the cruel iron prow tear into my forehead, and I remember no more.

When consciousness returned, I found myself in a strange room, and my brother seated by my bedside. I attempted to move, but my strength failed me, and I noticed that my hand, lying on the counterpane, was thin and almost transparent. My brother, seeing that I was awake, came to my side, and I questioned him as to where I was and what had occurred since the accident, but his only reply was, "Do not talk now; you are too weak. You have been very sick, and your recovery depends on your keeping quiet;" so I was obliged to wait until my strength returned, and, closing my eyes, was soon fast asleep.

I awoke in the evening, and my brother, conceding to my wish, informed me of what had occurred during my unconsciousness, and I will give his story in as few words as possible: The name of the girl whom I had saved was Marian Grosner. She, with her parents and brother, had started on an excursion down the bay when the accident occurred which was so nearly fatal. I had been taken from the water by Henry Grosner, who sprang in as I sank insensible from the force of the blow I had received. I was recognized at once by the young lady, who recovered on being taken on board of the yacht, and not knowing where I was staying in the city, she insisted on my being carried to their own hotel, which was done. A messenger was sent to the different hotels for my brother, whom she rightly conjectured would be in town, but on his arrival it was not thought advisable to move me, so I had remained in the S—— hotel during the illness which followed. The excitement and injuries I had received, brought on a brain fever, and for days I had tossed in delirium. I had a faithful nurse in Miss Grosner, who had refused to leave my side except for a few hours rest, "since," as she said, "I had incurred this peril for her sake."

In a few days I had recovered sufficiently to be able to sit up, and the wound in my forehead had healed, leaving only a deep scar; but since the fever had left me I had not seen my nurse. On the third or fourth day of my convalescence I was sitting in an easy chair by the window, listening dreamily to the clang of busy hammers coming faintly through the still air, and laying plans for the future—airy castles I must confess—when I heard steps in the corridor and a light tap at my door. With a pardonable duplicity I closed my eyes and feigned sleep.

The knock was repeated, but I remained quiet, and there was a whispered consultation outside. Then the knob was gently turned, the door swung open, and some one stepped softly into my room. I opened one eye just enough to see who my visitors were; Marian Grosner and her mother stood within the still half open door, the daughter holding in her hand a beautiful cluster of flowers. "How pale and thin he looks, mother!" said the girl; "and to think that he suffered so much for me!"

"Yes, dear," was the reply, "he has been very sick. Do not wake him, he sleeps so quietly. At another time I will see him, and tell him how grateful I am to him for preserving you to me; now place the flowers where he will see them when he awakes, and lower the curtain; this light is too strong." Then turning she left the room. My beautiful nurse drew a light stand by my chair, then taking a vase from the mantel, she filled it with water from the pitcher, and placing the flowers in it, set it by my side. Then she stepped softly round my chair and drew down the curtain, screening my eyes from the light. For a moment she stood behind my chair; then, leaning over, she touched her warm lips to my scarred forehead. I moved slightly as if about to awake, and as it frightened at her own impulsive action she was moving toward the door, when I said, "Please do not leave me, Miss Grosner, I have been companionless all the afternoon; besides, you have not yet congratulated me on my recovery."

"I am glad you are so far convalescent, and I have brought you some flowers for company; good-bye." And she again moved towards the door.

With a quick motion of my hand I knocked the vase of flowers in fragments to the floor. She stopped as she heard the crash of the broken china, and looked back. "Pardon my awkwardness," said I, "but I have broken the vase and cannot reach the flowers, as they have fallen under the table. Will you have the kindness to place them in the other vase for me?"

I watched her white, slender fingers, as she deftly gathered the scattered blossoms into a tasteful bouquet, and I felt that I *must* speak.

"Miss Grosner, I am sufficiently recovered to leave this city, and to-morrow I shall start for New York; but before I go I wish to thank you for your kindness to me, almost a stranger, during my illness." Her fingers trembled among the flowers, and her head bent lower over the fragrant cluster. "More than this, although I have seen you but once before coming here, I love you. I do not ask you to return my love, I cannot ask you to become my wife, for I realize too deeply the difference in our stations in life. You—the beautiful and gifted lady of society—*I* the despised actor. Yet, if the knowledge that the sincere love of one *honest heart* is yours can give you one moment of happiness, you have that assurance." She placed the flowers upon the table and stood erect. "Please do not leave me in anger, for I shall probably never trouble you again."

She came and stood by my side. "You have said that you love me, and I thank you for speaking so frankly. You saved my life at the risk of your own, can I do less than give you that life?" Her hand rested in mine; I drew her to my breast; I felt her warm kiss upon my lips, and I was happy.

I have long since acquired a competency, and am no longer dependent on my dangerous profession for support. Still, I sometimes don the spangles and attempt some of my old feats—just to keep green in my memory the day I first saw Marian Grosner.

AQUATICS.

Race Boats and Spoon Oars, Shells, Sailing, Club and Fishing Boats of all descriptions, made to order and on hand. Also, Metallic Life Boats on hand and made to order, at the old Boat Shop foot of One Hundred and Fourteenth street and Harlem River, and No. 368 South street. 50 Boats on hand.
33-8t STEPHEN ROBERTS.

Nautilus Branch, No. 14 Ann street (formerly No. 1 Barclay st.), two doors from the New Herald Building.
34-3m THOMAS C. BURNS, Proprietor.

THE OCEAN SWEEPSTAKES RACE

FROM

SANDY HOOK TO COWES, ENG., FOR $90,000.

LOG OF THE DIFFERENT VESSELS.

Although the excitement occasioned on this side the water by the latest exemplification of that indomitable enterprise and venturesome spirit characteristic of the "Universal Yankee Nation"—the unparalleled run of three pleasure yachts across nearly three thousand miles of the angry Atlantic in the dead of winter—has greatly abated since the reception of the intelligence of their safe arrival in English waters, still everything additional concerning the contest is devoured with avidity. As all, whether mariners bold or land lubbers, will take an interest in perusing a detailed account of the passage, that they may know how the boys passed the hours and worked the good ship over the waste of waters, we herewith publish the log of the Henrietta. It is stated that on the 16th ult. one of the crew was washed overboard, but we are left in the dark as to whether he was rescued or not, although the probabilities are that he was, as no mention of the mishap was made in the telegrams announcing the result. We trust that our surmises may be correct, for the record of casualties is already large enough. Here is the log, taking up the thread of our narrative at the place where it was broken off in the report of the start:—

LOG OF THE HENRIETTA.

At Dec. 11th, 2:45, P. M., the Nevesink Highlands sunk out of sight. The yachts were then abeam of each other. The Henrietta having caught the ten-knot breeze, all canvas was set, and the Vesta sailed wing and wing. Each captain now chose his own course, the Fleetwing keeping to the northward, the Henrietta holding the European steamer track, and the Vesta evidently making for the northern passage. At six P. M., wind blowing steadily from west north-west, we lost sight of the Fleetwing in the darkness; but the Vesta was still abreast looking like a phantom in the dim starlight. At eight o'clock the Vesta had disappeared. Songs and stories in the cabin and heavy snow squalls on deck marked our first night at sea.

Dec. 12th was bright and cold; we carried all sail, making eleven knots an hour until noon, when the Henrietta was struck by a heavy snow squall, and the top-sails had to be taken in. During the twenty-three hours we had made two hundred and thirty-five knots by observation and two hundred and thirty-seven by log, and found ourselves in lat. 40-07, and long. 68-52; the wind was northerly and came in strong gusts; at 3:50 we passed the steamer Cuba and another steamer, to both of which we showed our racing signals, receiving prompt replies. Several sailing vessels were sighted, but they all kept away from us as soon as we showed our dark blue flag, as if believing the canard that the yachts were Fenian privateers. The weather grew more stormy towards night and our little boat was at times half under water, but behaving most admirably. The mainsails were reefed before midnight, but as the weather moderated the reefs were shaken out and both jibs set.

13th. At noon on the second nautical day we scored two hundred and ten miles by observation and two hundred and thirty by log, the discrepancy being accounted for by a current which had drifted the yacht over twenty miles to the southwest. Clear, sunshiny weather during the day, and bright moonlight, with occasional snow squalls at night.

14th. Weather cloudy and warm; sea fallen. At noon we had made two hundred and four miles. By a fine observation in the evening the placid moon showed silvery upon a sea as smooth as the Thames. Towards midnight, however, the scene changed, and repeated squalls, with rain and hail, struck the tiny craft and bowled her along at the rate of eleven, twelve and thirteen knots an hour.

15th. Snow storm set in at sunrise. No observations could be taken, but by dead reckoning, we had gained two hundred and twenty-five miles during the past twenty-four hours. As night fell the yacht sailed faster and faster, until as we looked over the side where the waves came cascading over the diminutive bulwarks we seemed to be fairly flying along. The sky cleared, but the wind freshened at sunset, and the light sails were hauled down and the mainsail reefed. The yacht quivered like a racehorse overdriven, and the pumps, which were tested every hour, sounded dismally, but showed no leakage. Sea after sea boarded the staggering craft. A wave came bursting through the skylight into the cabin. All night long this heavy weather continued; but the yacht ran so easily before the free wind that everybody slept as quietly as if the Henrietta were the Great Eastern.

16th. Passed a brig bound to Newfoundland, and her crew, who had evidently heard nothing of the yacht race, climbed up the [illegible] like the Flying Dutchman. We are now crossing the Grand Banks, and at noon we had sailed two hundred and forty-six miles for the day, and over one-third the distance to Cowes. The wind still remained northerly, and the yacht kept her course without variation. At ten P. M. we were off the Grand Banks and off soundings, going at the rate of twelve knots an hour. Heavy seas still boarded the vessel, washing overboard one of the crew; the wind still held from the northward. The night passed quietly, and the ship averaged eleven knots, in spite of the seas that constantly hammered her like marine Vulcans.

17th. We were now in "the roaring forties," which we had been taught to dread the character of. The ocean had entirely changed; instead of dancing over short, chopping waves like those of the English Channel, we appeared to be passing between ranges of water hills. A fine observation gave us two hundred and eighty miles for the yacht's progress during the preceding twenty-four hours. In six days and fourteen hours we had sailed half way across the Atlantic. In the afternoon a beautiful rainbow brightened the horizon; but this "bow of promise" proved most deceitful, and brought us renewed hail and snow squalls instead of pleasant weather. During the night the wind shifted to west southwest. We "jibed" ship and hoisted the squaresail, but were forced to lower it again in a few hours, as the signs of dirty weather ominously increased.

18th. The weather was exceedingly threatening. The mainsail was double reefed for the first time and the vessel put in order for a storm. At noon we had run two hundred and fifty miles. The southwest wind freshened after noon, and at four P. M. it blew a regular gale. The mainsail was furled and three reefs taken in the foresail and the jibs taken in. Even with this small spread of canvas the yacht was driven nine miles an hour. On deck the rain and spray shut in the vessel like a watery curtain. The dead lights leaked unexpectedly and uncomfortably. Just at midnight the struggling yacht was struck by a tremendous sea, that burst over the quarter, struck full upon the foresail, and then fell heavily upon the deck, staving in the yacht's boat. Simultaneously the carpenter rushed wildly into the cabin, pale with alarm, and shouted, "Mr. Bennett, we must heave her to; she is opening forward, sir!" Captain Samuels came down from the deck and examined the supposed leak, which turned out to be nothing but the bilge water oozing through the line planking near the cook's berth. The gale strengthened, however, and at last the captain decided that the Henrietta could be driven no longer, and the yacht was hove to.

19th. Before noon the wind had lulled and the ship again started off briskly. The sun shone pleasantly, but the sea was still running high. We made our shortest distance on this stormy day, gaining only one hundred and fifty-three miles. At three P. M. we were going fifteen knots, and kept up this pace for several hours. The seas rose on either side like walls, and the yacht ran swiftly between them at the rate of thirteen knots an hour.

20th. We scored two hundred and sixty miles by noon. The clouds, moving in a grand procession from east to west and forming in solid masses behind us promised a continuance of the fair wind. At three P. M. we passed the steamer Louisiana, bound west. That night everything was cheering, the yachtmen sang lustily in the cabin, and the sailors answered as lustily from the forecastle; the captain turned in for the first time since our start.

21st. This morning there was a dead calm; about eleven A. M. a fine breeze sprung up from the south. We made one hundred and fifty-seven miles despite the time lost by the calm. By night we were making eleven knots, with everything as snug and trim as on the first day out.

22d. We were roused up at sunrise to salute a Bremen steamer that dipped her colors as she passed. The yacht now ran easily, like a machine, rolling up two hundred and fifty-two miles by noonday; at three P. M. we fell in with a Scotch mist, in the midst of which we spoke the packet ship Philadelphia, eleven days out from Liverpool.

23d. We logged one hundred and ninety-six miles. There was a brief calm at daybreak, followed by light southeast winds. At noon Divine service was held in the cabin. The wind gradually rose during the afternoon, and, as usual, in the evening the good yacht rallied splendidly, increasing her progress rapidly from seven knots up to twelve—at which rate she was dashing along as the moon rose, blood red, in the hazy English sky. At 8 P. M. we were on soundings; at 12 M. off Cape Clear.

24th. In the chops of the Channel, hoping to eat our Christmas dinner at Cowes. It was a mirky, foggy, dark, damp, disagreeable morning, and even at noon it was impossible to take a solar observation; but by dead reckoning we had made one hundred and seventy-two miles. The carpenter, who had given us one sensation by discovering a spurious leak, now treated us to another by announcing that the Fleetwing was in sight. Everybody clambered on deck. Binnacular glasses, eye glasses, spectacles and telescopes were brought to bear upon the imaginary yacht, which was soon made out to be an English topsail schooner bound the other way. Made the Scilly Island lights at a quarter to 8 P. M. The current drifting us to leeward, we steered south southeast for an offing, and passed the islands handsomely, having made no tack since we left New York, and having only varied eleven miles from the straight line between the two points. So admirable a handfull reflected great credit upon Captain Samuels.

25th. At three o'clock A. M. we passed the Lizard light, going thirteen knots an hour steadily. Running close in to the bold coast, we sighted the Eddystone, Start Point, and Portland hill, and at forty minutes past twelve P. M. took on board a Cowes pilot. A heartier cheer never rent the air than that which greeted the pilot's announcement that no other American yacht had passed up the channel. The race seemed won, and a sudden blaze of sunshine lit up the chalk cliffs of Old England in silvery glory; it was like an illumination of welcome. Under every stitch of canvas, with even her staysail set, and with her racing flag and Yacht Club ensign proudly floating on the stiff breeze, the Henrietta dashed by the Needles, and Messrs. Jerome and Knapp, the judges for the Fleetwing and the Vesta, decided that all the conditions of the race had been strictly complied with, when down went the racing flag and the private signal of Mr. Bennett took its place. As the yacht turned up the channel to Cowes the land shut out the wind, and like one who has finished a long and toilsome task, the brave little yacht slackened her speed and floated leisurely along. Her blue lights and rockets announced her arrival here, after having crossed the Atlantic to the Isle of Wight in the unprecedented time of thirteen days twenty-two hours and forty-six minutes mean time, and that without having carried away any of her light sails or spars, or even so much as a shred of canvas or strand of rope.

As she dropped anchor she was cheered from the Royal Yacht Club House, and by the people of Cowes.

LOG OF THE FLEETWING.

Dec. 12th. Lat. 40 22, long. 68 59. One P. M.,

tinued and the wine flowed freely—we certainly saw enough of the latter to float a "dingey"—until late at night, the boathouse undergoing a good shaking up, without, however, displacing any "scantlings," though we saw one "slab" lying around loose. As midnight approached, the club and their invited guests, the "Columbias," gradually dispersed, none acknowledging any evil effects from grape juice, but nearly all agreed upon having had an overdose of "shellac." A few attributed a troublesome headache to the cigars, but the "naked truth" must be told; *not a few* felt as gay as a "brick." One individual got his "fill," and went home with his "aunty," who was ready to "boil" over with fear lest a second Probst should be on the look-out to murder all crossing his path; while another, a very *free* partaker of good things, was in constant dread that he might by *chance see* some one with an icy heart, who would compel him to "pull his leather," and thus do a thing greatly against his conscience. Taken altogether, the evening was decidedly a happy one, and if you, good reader, "or any other man," should be anxious to bet an X that the Atalanta Club can be beaten in getting up *extempore* fun, the writer of this will be half inclined to go "ninety better."

SPORTS ABROAD.

FIGHT IN THE LIVERPOOL DISTRICT,
BETWEEN
MAGUIRE AND THELWELL, FOR £20.

On Wednesday morning, Dec. 26, Harry Maguire and Joe Thelwell met at Fidler's Ferry, near Warrington, to decide their merits at catch weight, for £10 a side. Both hail from the Cheshire side of the Mersey, and the ringside was well patronized by their Birkenhead partisans. Maguire is 23 years of age, stands 5ft. 8in., and weighed about 10st 2lb. Thelwell is only 18 years of age, stands 5ft. 10½in., and weighed about 10st 7lb. This is his fourth appearance, his previous matches not calling for any particular comment. For the present match he was put through the mill by Young Nixey, by whom he was brought as well as his (Thelwell's) habits would allow him. Maguire was trained under Mr. Rogers, (his backer) of Birkenhead, and considering the short time allowed him he stripped in very good form. The men and their friends met on Monday evening, Dec. 23, at Mr. Williams', New Ferry, to choose a place of fighting, when it was agreed to meet at Lime street Station at 6:30 A. M., to proceed to the scene of action (Fidler's Ferry) which was reached at 8:15. With as little delay as possible the ropes and stakes were put up. But here a hitch arose, namely, the selection of a referee. This was a most weary and tedious task—fully two hours being cut to waste in futile attempts to select a suitable person. At length a sporting gentleman from the metropolis agreed to discharge the onerous duties pertaining thereto, and the men proceeded to disrobe. Thelwell was esquired by Jack Smith and the Liverpool commissary, while a well known seconder and Pat Bannackle did the amiable for Maguire. Speculation was very limited, offers to lay 30 to 20 on Thelwell being very numerous—but did not seem to suit the Maguireites. Everything being in readiness, at 10:02 the men and their attendants crossed hands for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. On the men placing themselves in attitude, the spectators, without exception, made up their minds for a good encounter. Thelwell stood very wide, with his left very low, and his right across his chest. Maguire stood erect, his left poised ready for attack or defence, and his right across his chest. Some time was lost in sparring and feinting, each endeavoring to obtain an opening, when Thelwell dashed out his left at the nob, and followed it up with his right on the jaw, Maguire delivering two or three hot 'uns in return, until they broke ground. On getting together again Thelwell pursued the same game, when some wild half-arm hitting took place, and Maguire was forced down.

2. Thelwell came up flushed about the left ear, whilst a slight tinge of ruby trickled from Maguire's lip, but first blood was not claimed. They again sparred, and evidently appeared very cautious. Thelwell again took the initiative, rushed in, and delivered one, two, on the side of the head, Maguire being wild in his returns, and broke ground. On again getting within reach Thelwell dashed out his left but was wide, and received a little 'un on the mark from Maguire, when Thelwell administered a stinging right hander on the point of Maguire's left jaw, which knocked him off his pins. First blood and first knock-down claimed and allowed for Thelwell, on whom long odds were offered.

3. This was a very short round, as Maguire came up groggy, but Thelwell would not be "kidded" to force the pace, and a scrambling round terminated in Thelwell slipping down.

4. Maguire came up with a lump on the left jaw and Thelwell flushed about the nob, but neither was punished to any great extent. A tedious bout at sparring was succeeded by another rush on the part of Thelwell; but on this occasion he was met by Maguire, who delivered, with stinging severity, on the body and side of the nut, Thelwell hitting open handed. A rally terminated in Thelwell going down to avoid. This round was much in favor of Maguire, who had shaken off the effects of the jawbreaker in the second round.

5. Maguire came up lively, whilst Thelwell was slow to the call of time and perceptibly "dicky." Some more sparring was indulged in, when Thelwell tried his rush, but was met with a flush hit on the mouth from Maguire's left, which made him stagger. Counters were now exchanged, which led to half-arm hitting, much in favor of Maguire, the round closing by Thelwell going down to avoid. This was the longest and best contested bout throughout the mill.

6. It was now evident that Maguire held the trump card, if he would but force the pace. At the advice of his seconds he bored into his antagonist and some right and left-handed exchanges in favor of Maguire forced Thelwell to get down.

7. This round was much in favor of Maguire, who improved his position and forced Thelwell to the ropes, where he peppered him right merrily and forced him down at the middle stake. Odds on Maguire.

8. Thelwell came up most reluctantly, whilst Maguire was as lively as a cricket, and merry as a grig. Maguire was the first to lead off, but was rather short; in his next attempt he got well on the ribs and chest, and Thelwell slipped down.

9 and last. Thelwell was evidently weak, and showed no inclination to have another round; Maguire, however, was not to be denied, but bored in, got in a little-un on the throat, when Thelwell slipped down. On being carried into his corner he could not be persuaded to have another try, and his seconds threw up the sponge in disgust, after 14 minutes' fighting.

W. HITCHEN, PADDY DOYLE'S NOVICE, AND JACK ROBERTS.

These Birmingham lads met on Wednesday, Dec. 26, at the Four Ashes, Staffordshire, to contend at catch weight, for 20 sovs, but owing to the bad arrangements of the ruling powers, who placed a ring close to the line of railway (a consummate piece of tomfoolery), the police were at once down on them, and ropes and stakes had to be secured to prevent a capture. Roberts was chased over two fields, but managed to elude his pursuer. Finding no better method of arranging matters, the lads were summoned to be on the following morning (Thursday), at the Beggar's Bush, an old training and fighting rendezvous, in the classic region of Oscott, the chronometer, on the arrival of the belligerents, pointing to 8 A. M. A quarter of an hour later saw the lads in the ring, prepared for hostilities, Fawcett showing in remarkably fine form, and standing well over his opponent, who, however, though not quite so fit as he might be, was the personification of determined pluck, his sulky manner strangely contrasting with the playful smile that graced Fawcett's good-tempered phiz, the index of a mind bent on victory.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1 was characterized by some long and pretty fencing for an opening, Roberts being the first to essay, but Fawcett not caring to be made a target of, gracefully stepped back. Both countered on the face without, strange to say, leaving any mark, when they closed, and Roberts was under in the fall.

2. After "fiddling" for an opening, Roberts sent out his left straight on his opponent's lower lip (an old sore), which he cut, and the red stream appearing, secured first blood for him. A close, and Fawcett had the best of the throw.

3. As they warmed to their work both displayed much eagerness, and some rattling exchanges took place, Roberts closing and getting the hug on, but had the worst of the fall.

4 and 5. Contested on pretty even terms; Roberts under in the fall.

6 was a bristling affair, Fawcett delivering straight on the nose and cutting the right eye, while Roberts was busily engaged on the left ear and mouth, finishing up by a pile driver on the ribs, and in the close had the best of the throw.

7. Roberts cleverly avoided his opponent's thrust by ducking, and, clutching him round the waist, threw him heavily, but received a caution from the referee, his grip being somewhat low.

8. Long sparring, slight exchanges, when Roberts again clutched Fawcett round the thighs and whirled him over, but not heavily.

9. Roberts again repeated his tactics, but "caught cold" at it, as Fawcett dexterously gave him a most punishing back heel, and on coming up for the tenth round he refused to continue the contest, decidedly "cutting it" after fighting 65min. Neither lad showed much punishment.

REMARKS.

Fawcett gives promise of great things with proper care, as up to the present time he has done all that was asked of him, having, after a two hours' engagement, fought a draw with Johnny Nyland, and subsequently defeated Whitey (a most determined little bruiser) and Bryan Mulliloy some two months since. It will thus be seen that his career has been an unchequered one. Of Roberts we can say that he is a well behaved lad, but on the present occasion he sadly disappointed his backers.

MILL IN THE SHEFFIELD DISTRICT
BETWEEN
MORAN AND PARKINSON, FOR £10 A SIDE.

These men met on Thursday, Dec. 27, to decide their struggle, for £10 a side. The conditions of the match were that Mick Moran (*alias* the original and well known "Mick the Grecian"), was to scale 7st 12lb; Parkinson to be catch weight, which was about 8st 4lb. Both men have appeared in the 24ft. arena on many occasions. Mick's most important encounters have been as follows:—Beat Ginger, of Birmingham, £5 a side; beat Hartley, of London, £10 and £15 a side; beat Hicken, of Wolverhampton, £5 a side; afterwards fought a draw with Hicken, £15 a side, after fighting 3 hours 6 min.; beat Freeman, of Birmingham, £15 a side; beat Hartley, of London, £25 a side; beat Blunt, of Handsworth, £15 a side; beat Jack Griffiths, of Worcester, £15 a side; beat Keggy Wilson, £10 a side. He was beaten by Boxer Bradley, for £10 a side, who, in turn, was beaten by Mickey, for £15 a side. Previous to the present encounter the Grecian was beaten by George Holden, for £15 a side. Henry Parkinson's (otherwise "Gouty") performances are as follows:—Beaten by Stanton (Brick Lad), £5 a side; fought a draw with Fletcher (Derby Lad), £5 a side; beat Johnny Ervin, £5 a side; and was beaten by Johnny Kelley, £5 a side. The scene of the present battle was Midhope, about twelve miles from Sheffield, on the Manchester road. Precisely at ten o'clock, Mick was the first to appear in the ring and was quickly followed by Parkinson. The usual civilities being exchanged, the men set themselves in attitude, and commenced

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. When both men got together, Parkinson was by far in the best condition, and then followed about twenty minutes of counter-sparring, without a blow being delivered. Parkinson at length landed home his left on the throat; Moran returned on the face. They closed, and Parkinson, on gaining his legs, showed an unmistakable bruise on his left eye.

2. Again both sparred for fifteen minutes, when Parkinson lunged out his left, but landed short. Both got down, Mick under.

3. No sooner got together than Mick let go his right, and drew first blood, which was claimed and allowed. Both got together and fibbed away for some minutes, until they fell in the middle of the ring, Parkinson undermost.

4. Parkinson got well on Moran's jaw; Mick returned well on the face, when Parkinson sent his opponent down. From this time they began work in earnest, and up to the twenty-third and last round there was no advantage to either, but the referee declared Moran the winner, as Parkinson, after fighting his man down, struck him in that position. The least said about the fight the better, as it was conducted on any but fair principles. The referee was appealed to in consequence of Moran gouging his man, but the claim was not allowed, though made several times.

HOBSON AND STARKE.—Whilst Thelwell and Maguire were endeavoring to agree to a referee, two bantams, known by the name of Jem Hobson and Ned Starke, fought for a small amount, Hobson staking 5 to 4. In all 17 rounds were contested, occupying 30min, and they deserve great praise for the game and resolute manner in which they contested, neither flinching in the least, but taking his gruel most good humoredly. After a great many turns, the fight was awarded in favor of Hobson, who was severely punished about the body, whilst his opponent's face was greatly out of its wonted shape, and so pleased were the spectators with his performance that a subscription was got up as a salve for his wounds.

YOUNG PARSONS BEATS WITHERS, OF HALESOWEN, FOR £5 A SIDE.—These lads, who are almost novices, met for their catch weight engagement on Thursday, Dec. 27, in the Walsall District, and after a rattling bout of sixty-four rounds, fought in an hour and forty minutes; Withers, who was bested nearly all through the encounter, had to lower his flag, being blinded, Parsons not much better off. It was a slashing affair, with little pretension to science. Parsons drew first blood in the opening round from the nose and left eye, but Withers squared matters by investing terrifically on the jaw and flooring his opponent in the thirtieth meeting. The winner, about 8st 4lb, trained under that clever hand, Jerry Hawkes, of London; Withers taking his walks from Harry Crutchley's, Spotted Dog, Alcester street, and would be some half stone the bigger man.

HOW PAT DUFFEY AND JACK CROGAN MADE IT FOR £5 A SIDE.—These Birmingham pugs met also on Thursday, Dec. 27, to box at catch weight, for the above stake. Both have figured previously on several occasions, Duffey having defeated Bowey Taylor, but had to succumb to the clever tactics of Mike M'Cabe, a first instalment of the Collinson school. Crogan owes a defeat to Mick Maley (Bluey), besides several minor affairs. They met at Hob lane, an old resort, and got together at nine o'clock, the opening round plainly indicating that fighting was meant. In the second round Pat planted a straight shot on the mouth, and drew blood, the pair slogging away like "broths of boys," as they were. In the fifth bout Crogan delivered a rattling right hander on the jaw, and knocked Pat clean off his pins, thus crying quits. Several capital give and take rounds followed, and in the nineteenth Crogan gave his opponent a nasty cross buttock, which put the lad's collar bone out, and after gamely coming up four more rounds, he was obliged to resign the contest, twenty-three rounds being fought in three-quarters of an hour. Neither showed much punishment.

SLASHING MILL NEAR WAKEFIELD.—There was a large muster of the fancy of this district early on Wednesday morning, Dec. 26, at a secluded spot known as Roystone High Bridge, near Wakefield, to witness a fight at catch weight, for £5 a side, between Young Milner and Midge Exley, of Wakefield. After fighting thirty-three rounds, in 40 min., a dispute arose as to Milner striking a foul blow. After a good deal of parley on both sides, the referee left the ring, and the decision was not given. Both the lads showed good pluck.

TOM ALLEN AND JOE GOSS.—For this all absorbing £200 match, £85 a side are now down, and the final deposit of £15 a side has to be made good on Thursday, Jan. 3, to the stakeholder, on which day it is arranged for the men to meet to toss for place of fighting and pick a referee. Allen states that he has no intention of departing from the original agreement, and that the fight must take place, in pursuance of articles "signed and delivered," in the Midland Ring, within fifty-five miles of home. Tom is already in fine form, having been prepared by the veteran Jack Parkinson. Joe has done his "constitutionals" from Wolverhampton, and the Black Knights are sweet on his chance. Goss was apprehended on a warrant for acting as second in the late affair between Morris and Holden, but was the same day liberated on bail. There is no doubt the match will go on, and the battle will probably have to be fought out in the London district.

"MACE'S "UNKNOWN" AND NED O'BALDWIN.—Another £10 a side were deposited Friday, Dec. 28, with the stakeholder. O'Baldwin had returned from his tour in Ireland, where he was well received. He looks all the better for his trip. Mace, as usual, appears in good trim. A month hence and the "Unknown" will be christened; it is said to be a "moral" that Mace himself will be the man.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

CHESS STUDENT, Auburn, N. Y.—After so long a delay we are enabled to answer you, and several other inquirers, *in re* T. Smith's pretty and original problem, given some time since. The following cracking produces the kernel:

1..R to K Kt 7	P to Kt 7 *best*	3..R to Q 8	*Ad lib*
2..R–K Kt 8	B–Q 2 (a)	4..R, or Kt, mates.	

(a) If Defence 3..B to K sq; 3..R takes B; 4..mates.

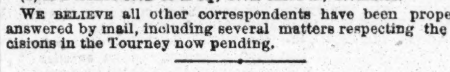
WE BELIEVE all other correspondents have been properly answered by mail, including several matters respecting the decisions in the Tourney now pending.

STEINITZ-BIRD.—There have been some expressions very nearly approaching acrimony ventilated about the termination of this match, the score standing, drawn, 5; Mr. B., 5; Herr S. 6. One account says that Mr. B., having to leave for America, Herr S. demanded the stakes and the title of victor; another, that Mr. B. resigned both; and still another report was that the match was adjourned. We will give the closing *partie*, as far as it went, next week; with a note from somebody that is, to express it very mildly, "slightually surkistic."

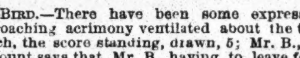
OUR THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM.—Pending the solution of No. 559, a kind correspondent has forwarded us the present position, which is, palpably, the original of the one alluded to. If any one thinks this the more interesting on account of the moves being given—why, solve this first. There is an additional stipulation; but, as it only lengthens the 2d one move, and requires an additional diagram, we have adjudged it not worth the space. The two stipulations given we think enough for once. We are really surprised that no one has expressed especial satisfaction with Herr Nathan's End-Game in "Brevity and Brilliancy," p. 41.

Enigma No. 562.

The closing position, No. 200, of Mr. Healey's collection.



at Q B 7, Q Kt 2, Q B 3, K R 5, K 3, K Kt 4th.



at his 4, Q B 4, K 2, K 3d.

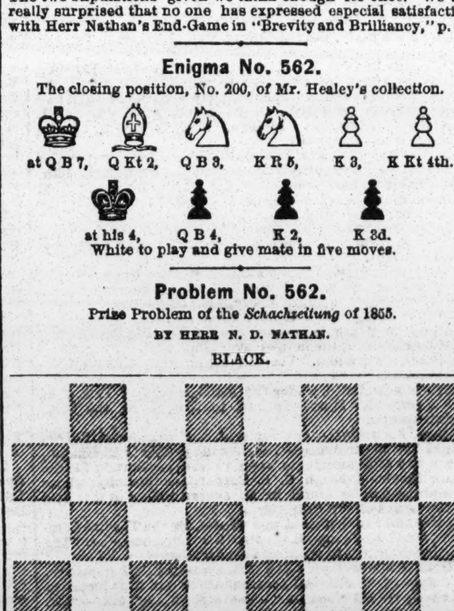
White to play and give mate in five moves.

Problem No. 562.

Prize Problem of the *Schachzeitung* of 1855.

BY HERR N. D. NATHAN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

STIPULATIONS.—I.—White compels suimate in 29 moves, from a (ch) uncovered by the King. II.—In 35 moves, from (ch) uncovered by a Kt.

Game No. 562.

A companion *partie* to No. 559; between the Rev. C. E. Ranken and the Rev. W. Wayte.

EVANS GAMBIT.

Attack, Mr. Ranken.	Defence, Mr. Wayte.	Attack, Mr. Ranken.	Defence, Mr. Wayte.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	24..K Kt to K 5	Q to K B 3
2. K Kt–B 3	Q Kt–B 3	25..Q R–K sq (b)	B × Q P
3..K B–B 4	K B–B 4	26..Kt–his 4	Q–her B 3
4..P–Q Kt 4	B × Kt P	27..Q–K B 5	Q R–K sq
5..P–Q B 3	B–Q B 4	28..K R–Q sq	Q–her R 5
6..Castles	P–Q 3	29..R–Q B sq	Q–her Kt 5
7..P–Q 4	K P × P	30..P–K Kt 3	R–K B sq
8..B P × P	K B–Kt 3	31..Q–her 3	Q–her Kt 7
9..Q Kt–B 3	Q Kt–R 4	32..R–Q B 2	Q–Kt 8 +
10..K B–Q 3	K Kt–K 2	33..K–Kt 2	Kt–Q B 3
11..Q B–Kt 2	Castles	34..K B–K 4	Kt–his 5
12..Q Kt–K 2	P–Q 4	35..Q × K B	Kt × Q R
13..Q–her B 2	P–K B 3	36..Q–K 5 (c)	Q–her 8
14..Q B–R 3	Q P × P	37..Kt × R P	Kt–K 6 + (d)
15..K B × P	P–K B 4	38..K–his R 3	Q–K B 8 +
16..K B–Q 3	K R–B 3	39..K–his R 4	Q × B P
17..Q B × Kt	Q × Q B	40..Kt–his 4	Q Kt × Kt
18..Q Kt–B 4	Q B–K 3 (a)	41..K × Q Kt	Q–K 7 +
19..K R–K sq	Q–her 3	42..K–his R 3	P–Q B 3
20..Q Kt × B	K R × Kt	43..Q–K 7	Q–B 8 +
21..K R × R	Q × K R	44..K–Kt 4	Q–K B 3
22..B × B P	Q–her 3	45..Q–her B 5	Q–K 3 +
23..B–R 7 +	K–his R sq	46..B–his 5	Q × B +, and

Mr. Ranken resigns.

(a) This hasty move loses at least a Pawn.
(b) The Attack here, in turn, loses a P by inadvertence.
(c) Mr. Ranken, before making this move, pointed out that he could now draw the game, as follows:

36..Q to her B 5	Kt to K 8 + *best*	38..Q × R +	K to his R 2
37..K–his R 3	Q × B	39..Kt–B 6 +; and, as the Defence must take this Kt, the game will be drawn by perpetual (ch).	

(d) This counter-stroke renders all the first player's ingenious manœuvres unavailing.

CHEQUERS.

Take Notice.

THE ELEMENTS OF DRAUGHTS

Are not to be had for a few days. Due notice will be given as soon as copies of the new edition are ready for delivery. 21-tf

Game No. 33.---Vol. XIV.

Lately contested between Miss Harriet Mellville and Mrs. E. J. D.

SINGLE CORNER.

Black. Miss M.*	White. Mrs E. J. D.	Black. Miss M.	White. Mrs. E. J. D.
1..11 to 15	22 to 18	9..7 to 10	32 to 28
2..15 22	25 18	10..9 13	21 17
3..8 11	29 25	11..5 9	30 25(b)
4..4 8	25 22	12..1 5	25 21(c)
5..11 16	24 20	13..9 14	18 9
6..8 11	27 24	14..5 14	28 24
7..10 15	24 19(a)	15..3 7	31 27
8..15 24	28 19	16..6 9, and wins.	

(a) 21 to 17 is better play, in our opinion. (b) There is nothing stronger—nor much weaker. (c) Utterly helpless.

*This game is respectfully dedicated to the young players of the United States by Miss Mellville.

Solution of Position No. 69.--Vol. XIV.

BY UNCLE NED.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..18 to 15	11 to 18	3..17 to 22, and wins.	
2..21 17	22 29		

Solution of Drummond's Position reserved till next week.

CHALLENGE.—Miss Mellville would be pleased to play a friendly match with any young lady who has a taste for the beautiful and scientific game of Draughts. The game to be played by numbers through the NEW YORK CLIPPER. We hope our "champion" will soon meet with a worthy opponent. Ladies, send on your moves by mail and you shall "shine in type."

Position No. 71, Vol. XIV.

END-GAME.

BY MISS H. MELLVILLE.

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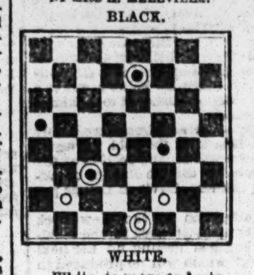


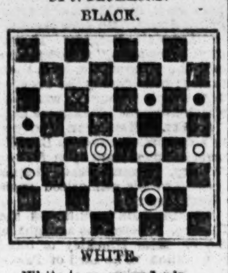
WHITE.

White to move and win.

Position No. 72, Vol. XIV.

BY J. DRUMMOND.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

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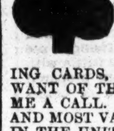

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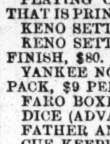

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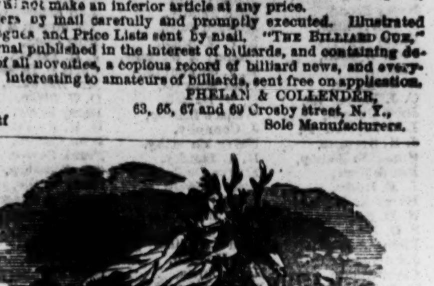

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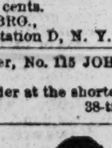

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Laura Keene,	Carrie Leslie,	Annie Gibbons, 32c.

City Summary.

MONDAY, January 14, '67.

SUN RISES AT 7:22 A. M. This is a very important matter just now, for, at the coming up of the bright orb of day, shutters of drinking saloons come down, and early callers have the privilege of taking their first dose for the day. The new liquor law, or rather the second act of the same, is supposed to have gone into operation at 12 o'clock on Saturday night, and those ladies and gentlemen who were kept in our places of amusement beyond the usual time were sorely perplexed to find their old haunts closed for the night, and "camomile" only obtainable under the most trying circumstances. Pretty waiter girls saloons—which occupy so many of our Broadway basements—closed their cellar doors, probably, just as the clock was about to commence the 'long strike." What became of the pretty female waiters, *after* that hour, can be told by the petty male waiters on their leisure time. Gentlemen of the sock and buskin, who like a drop of good beer when their evening labor's ended, labored *more* zealously in the search for some goodly boniface who *might* keep a back door in operation, or leave the latch string out at some friendly loop hole in an out-of-the-way corner of the hostelrie. We don't know how the new law is going to work; it's a severe trial for the boys. Yesterday there was a great deal of discontent, and many thirsty souls made the passage of the Hudson on a voyage of discovery to Jersey, where lightning, Newark cider and benzine are not tabooed, and where Sabbaths have no end. And, speaking of Jersey, can you tell us, excised reader, why the celebrated Newark cider is like a favorite imported beverage? Because it's made dearer wine......There was a perceptible improvement in business at some of the theatres during the past week, and a like perceptible illumination of the frontispieces of our indefatigable treasurers. We fear that this improved prosperity is but transitory, like the last run of shad. Sallie Hinckley is preparing something fresh and startling for our delectation, to take the place of "Sondrelon," when that dainty bit is withdrawn from the bill of fare. This new dish is a "Bird of Paradise," prepared and dressed with much care so as to please the tastes of a mixed audience. This "Bird of Paradise" is not among those parodies which so often mar the beauty of spectacular dramas, nor can it be called one of those spectacles to suit the parrot-eyes of one class at the expense of other classes of our cosmopolitan population. No, it is to be for the entertainment of all—for the grave, the gay, the lively and severe—with lovely young damsels done up to order; with

Long girls, short girls, thick and slender,
And many a gorgeous double-ender.

......We get some curious questions occasionally. A son of Thespis—whose biblical and sportical education has been a trifle blunted by a too close application to Shakespeare and Poole—asks us whether Joseph of old was ever a sport or gambler, as a friend of his had publicly asserted that old Jo. *was* such, because he knew all about Faro. Our friend is deceived; the only Pharaoh that Joseph knew was he who was overslewed in the Red Sea. Joseph could not have been an old sport, or his doings would have been recorded in the CLIPPER; he was more likely to have been an actor or a politician, as we are told he was *cast* in the pit, and wore a coat of many colors. Another proof that he was not a sport is found in the fact that he was afraid of women, and that actually on one occasion, when one of the gay damsels of that day sought to detain him by her side, he had nearly every stitch of clothing torn from him in his frantic efforts to escape from the grasp of the young person. Who ever heard of a sport having his clothes torn off his back in his efforts to get away *from* a woman? No, no; it is the *other* way with sports. Our Thespian friend may rest assured that the Joseph of old was no sport...... Since our last we have had no more Shakespearean burlesques of that mixed pattern wherein a confusion of tongues doth make a confusion of ideas, and Dawison retires in a very serious mood. Lines to him:—

Bogumil, Booth, and Avon's "Will."
By their genius *once* did fill
The Garden; but Bog did not shine sufficiently bright
To warrant Stuart in paying him a thousand a night—
Who was the identical sum necessary to requite
Bogumil, a David-son,
Which should have been called *solemn-'un*.

......The "boys" play some strange parts occasionally, parts for which they have not been cast, but which they drop into "unconsciously," as it were. A case in point:—Recently, a well known minstrel, being in town on a sort of holiday vacation, bethought him to see the sights; another minstrel missionary, from Boston—who "came 'a purpose"—joined our friend of the first part, and the twain did go around together. At last they came to Charley White's, where Dan Bryant, Johnny Mack, and others of the sable band erstwhile did make merry the patrons of the lucky 472. The noble brothers at once secured a private box, where, snugly secure from the villainous gaze of an appreciative audience, they much champagne did drink, and soon brimfull of fun became. In this gay and happy mood, and after many and sundry draughts of the vintage of 1800 and something, what do our friends do but leap out of the private box on to the stage, and then and there, in white faces, and attired in their best store clothes, perform the laughable burlesque of "Othello," from beginning to end, amid the most rapturous applause, as the performers were at once recognized by the audience. The act concluded, our friends retired amid a salvo of good feeling which made the notorious welkin ring; all of which goes to show the wonderful versatility of talent of ye minstrel man......."And the colored troops fought bravely," as we used to say before grim-visaged war had smoothed its wrinkled front, and the managers are fighting bravely to ward off the impending danger which threatens to interfere with their financial affairs and reduce theatricals to a more moderate standard. There is a great diversity of attraction offered this week, including Shakespeare, English opera, genteel comedy, naked spectacular, blood and thunder drama, circus, museum, magic, concert, and all other kinds of entertainment known to the mimic stage. Thus, if the people are disposed to patronize amusements, every taste may be gratified by fare offered by our many managers, of which we herewith present a true bill:

JUDGING from the very large audiences present at Niblo's during the past week, we should judge that the "Black Crook" had taken a fresh lease of public favor, and meant to begin the campaign anew. For the benefit of those of our readers who cannot attend the theatres, we visited Niblo's on the 11th inst., (for we do the *ballet* at least once a week,) and saw new beauties to admire, fresh graces to extol. We missed the smiling face of Brother Smyth, who seems to have been knocked into smythereens by the action of the Cooper Institute people, who, when our pious brother sought to rent the large saloon wherein to speak his peace, did rent their garments, and said him nay, because they were sore afraid. He may have been up at Sallie Hinckley's to see "Cendrillon," which does to him much pleasure give, and exercise his mind. The "Crook" will probably experience a falling off this week, but we are given to understand that the receipts may be reduced one thousand dollars per night, and yet the manager will make money. Until recently, the nightly receipts have been upwards of two thousand dollars, with an expense of not more than eight hundred dollars per night. This is sugar for somebody.

WE MARRIED the wrong man last week, for which the wrong man should feel under a deep sense of obligation to us for giving him one week's bliss of honeymoon, while the right man, no doubt, feels deeply grieved at the wrong unintentionally done him. We announced that Harvey B. Dodworth was married on the closing day of the old year, which he was not; on the contrary, it was Allen R. Dodworth, a nephew of Harvey, that was united in the silken bonds, and to him belong the compliments of the season, and to Harvey the commiseration of his many friends.

EDWIN BOOTH appeared during the past week as Sir Giles Overreach and Brutus, and attracted good houses. We like his Sir Giles much better than his Brutus; the latter, in our opinion, requiring more careful study and thought than the young eminent seems to have bestowed upon it. However, Brutus pleased the audience, and there all the honor lies. This evening Mr. Booth appears in his great characterization of Bertuccio, in the "Fools Revenge," which was performed at Niblo's some three seasons ago. The "Merchant of Venice" is ready for production, but will not be brought out until all else fails to attract. Mr. Booth's business is a proof that the legitimate still has some admirers left in these days of sensation loving audiences.

THE SITE lately occupied by the New Bowery Theatre is advertised to lease, and it will probably be taken up for commercial pursuits. The lot is 75 feet on the Bowery, 200 feet deep to Elizabeth street, and 100 on Elizabeth.

"OURS" runs so pleasantly at Wallack's, that it would be unwise to offer any other man's production at the present time. It is well cast, well played and well patronized, so Manager Wallack will let well enough alone.

NOT ON THE BILLS.—An extraordinary scene was witnessed by the audience at the New York Theatre, on Saturday evening last. Before the play of "Cendrillon" commenced, an apology was made for Mrs. Wilkins, who, it was stated, had been taken ill, and could not appear, and that Mrs. Bland would read her part, that of Mad. De Houspignolle. Accordingly, the spectacle proceeded, and Mrs. Bland read the part until nearly the close of the first act, when, in the next scene, Mrs. Wilkins appeared dressed for the part. The audience recognized her, and greeted her with loud applause. She was evidently laboring under the effects of a cold, and did not play with her usual spirit. In the fourth act, where Pinchonniere (Lewis Baker), subdues his wife, he had seized her by the wrist, to force her to her knees; "you hurt me," she says, according to the text, and was soon in a kneeling position. Suddenly she commenced to groan, then fell prostrate on her side, evidently in great pain; her cries became louder, two or three of the performers rushed to Mr. Baker's relief, who was endeavoring to raise her, and she was carried back a little way, and the curtain was closed. Her cries were heard for some time afterwards. Mr. Baker subsequently appeared, and stated that she had left a sick bed to play her part, but the effort was too much for her, and she was obliged to succumb. For a time the event created quite an excitement in the audience, although some of these who had not before witnessed the play supposed it was a part of the business of the character, and commended her for the natural manner in which she did it. We understand that the lady has been quite ill for the past ten days, and on one or two occasions came near fainting on the stage, but in her earnest desire to help the performance along, she went to the theatre when she should have been in her bed.

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" was revived at Barnum's Museum on the 7th inst., with Mrs. G. C. Howard in her original character of Topsy. Eva is played at Barnum's by Annie Pryor, a smart child, who enacts the *role* with a due appreciation of the author, and sings the songs of Eva with considerable taste. She was deservedly applauded throughout the piece. Mrs. Howard is not near as good to-day as Topsey as she was six years ago. She acts the part well, but her singing is lamentable. Mitchell's Uncle Tom was about the worst we have ever witnessed. Mrs. J. J. Prior as Eliza Harris was very good. This lady is a capital actress and seldom does anything bad; Mrs. Francis' conception of Ophelia was bad, and her performance of the *role* so entirely different from what we have previously witnessed, that we could scarcely recognise it as the same. "Uncle Tom" attracted such large audiences last week that it is to be continued for the present. In addition to the dramatic performances, there can be seen at all hours the collection of animals from Van Amburgh & Co's Menagerie, as well as thousands of curiosities scattered all over the Museum proper, as well as the building adjoining on the south. The performing lions, elephant, monkeys and ponies are put through their portion of the entertainment in the morning.

THE WEBB SISTERS arrived in this city last week from their Western tour. They are at present at their home in Brooklyn. On the 9th Miss Ada was viewing the beauties of "Cendrillon" at the New York Theatre.

ENGLISH OPERA is supposed to be the most popular spectacle that can be offered to the public. In Italian Opera most of the singers are wretched actors, and when poured forth from an automaton, melody loses half of its effects; while, on the contrary, its harmony is materially increased when poetry of action is its accompaniment. The Italian school is soulless, not voiceless. The English school of opera has more soul, more passion, more warmth, and less of that screech, than has the Italian. It is, therefore, with extraordinary pleasure that we announce that the Richings' English Opera Troupe—having been engaged by Manager Grover—is to inaugurate this evening a season of purely legitimate English Opera, at the Olympic Theatre. Among the *artistes* in this organization will be found several old and established favorites. Caroline Richings is the *prima donna*. It is unnecessary for us to go into glowing terms of the abilities of this vocalist. She has been heard here and approved by the public many a time. Wm. Castle is the tenor; S. C. Campbell, baritone, and Edward Seguin, basso. The troupe also includes Mesdames Frank Boudinot (Sister of Sophie Gimber), E. Seguin (formerly Zelda Harrisen), and J. Arnold; Messrs. D. B. Wylie, James Peak, W. Peak, James Arnold, and a large chorus. "Martha" is to be the initial opera. "Maritana," "Fra Diavolo," "Rose of Castile," "Daughter of the Regiment," "Bohemian Girl," and "Doctor of Alcantara," is the operatic *repertoire* of this troupe.

JOHN E. OWENS closed his engagement at the Broadway on the 12th, and has gone on his way west. Among the many characters he represented during his stay here, he appeared to greater advantage as Dr. Pangloss in "Heir at Law" than he did in anything else, with the exception of Solon Shingle. There is more of the reality of the character of Pangloss about his rendition than we have witnessed since the early days of Burton. Owens' perfect *abandon* to all its minutest details as well as the text, and other characteristics, rendered it a most delightful and amusing performance. There was nothing like buffoonery about it—all he did was as if the Doctor in *propria personæ* was before us, fully impressing upon us that the original was there in the full enjoyment of life, and in pursuit of his profession, basking in the glorious prospect of "Six hundred a year."

RECEIPTS OF SOME OF THE THEATRES FOR 1866.—The following account of the receipts of all places of amusement in this city for 1866, except San Francisco Minstrels, Broadway Theatre, Barnum's Museum, L. B. Lent's Circus and the Old Bowery Theatre, have been compiled from the books of the Assessors of the Fifth and Sixth Internal Revenue Districts, and therefore can be relied on:—

	Niblo's.	Winter Garden.	Olympic.
January	$36,385	$31,581	$12,235
February	34,556	33,483	13,376
March	27,633	31,760	14,398
April	26,221	18,114	21,812
May	15,734	13,192	13,735
June	21,287	10,598	13,008
July	3,680	8,276	8,694
August	1,865	14,867	16,084
September	43,008	12,542	23,330
October	70,525	10,297	17,751
November	66,093	19,030	13,854
	$345,987	$203,740	$168,277

	Wallack's.	Stadt.	New Bowery.
January	$21,398	$11,715	$7,050
February	16,542	10,438	7,842
March	19,966	9,759	7,907
April	22,637	8,050	7,428
May	30,149	8,666	7,100
June	10,573	closed	6,541
July	7,244	closed	3,828
August	17,086	2,612	6,692
September	9,717	15,289	6,012
October	21,413	26,679	5,841
November	18,731	——	5,864
	$195,456	$93,208	$72,105

	Tony Pastor's.	French Theatre.	Chas. White's.
January	$5,090	not open	not open
February	5,800	not open	not open
March	8,158	not open	not open
April	7,489	not open	not open
May	6,929	2,112	not open
June	5,763	4,472	1,300
July	317	closed	5,050
August	6,412	closed	7,500
September	6,633	12,826	6,900
October	7,303	26,472	6,100
November	7,234	1,266	7,000
	$67,128	$47,148	$33,850

	Wood's Theatre, now Thalia.	New York.	Kelly & Leon's.
January	$7,300	$11,178	not open
February	6,975	11,186	not open
March	8,664	6,062	not open
April	5,275	closed	not open
May	6,978	closed	not open
June	5,344	closed	not open
July	4,800	closed	not open
August	——	——	not open
September	5,492	7,325	not open
October	4,982	5,875	4,777
November	4,356	12,619	6,841
	$60,166	$54,245	$11,618

We have a few meagre returns concerning places not enumerated in the above table, but we cannot vouch for their correctness, although they may be all right. They are as follows:—New York Circus, $219,152 (?) Van Ambuigh's Menagerie (eight months), $217,396; Academy of Music (four months), $120,151; San Francisco Minstrels (nine months), $72,635; Old Bowery (eight months), $69,875; Fifth Avenue Opera House (three months), $10,046.

MR. EDMOND DE MONDION is the stage name of one of the editors of the late New York *Daily News*, who has recently laid aside the honorable occupation of journalism for the sake of obtaining the attractive but fickle favors of the theatrical public. In other words, he has retired from the editorial chair for the stage. This gentleman, though for several years past a journalist, is not inexperienced in the profession he now proposes to follow. He formerly played with Edwin Booth in California, and from him derived many of his ideas of interpreting the principal characters of the standard drama. On the 8th inst, at the Olympic, Mr. DeMondion appeared as Hamlet, "by request." He is a handsome man; in fact, just the style the ladies delight in in an actor. A fine reader too, and one evidently capable of giving an intelligent rendering of his author, he would, with the proficiency practice gives, attain a high rank on the stage. Under the circumstances in which he appeared on this occasion, the newspapers and critics think it would be unjust to criticise his performance of Hamlet, understanding, as they do, that he had but one rehearsal with the cast who supported him; besides which, we are told, he was laboring under a severe cold. His efforts on the occasion elicited loud applause, and twice he was called before the curtain. At the close of the play, in response to a call, he made a brief speech expressive of his thanks. The cast included Miss Kate Newton as Ophelia, who looked charmingly; Miss Carson as the Queen, who also looked the character, but that was all; Curran as the King read his part like a scholar, but did not present any very royal appearance. Had Mr. DeMondion been other than a journalist, how very ready the critics would have been to damn him; looking at his performance of Hamlet with an impartial eye, they must have condemned it; for it was anything but an artistic performance. If the gentleman's newspaporial friends mean him well, they should point out his faults, and give him the proper advice at the beginning of his new career, instead of passing over his defects and smoothing down every objectionable feature.

AN EXTRAVAGANT extravaganza by the brothers Brough, entitled "Camaralzaman and Bedora," is to be presented this evening at the Broadway Theatre, the Worrell Sisters sustaining the principal characters. Much mirth thereby will be evoked, and pleasantries indulged in. Let us all go to welcome the three graces, and give them a good reception.

"THE JOCKEY CLUB RACES" will be among the latest novelties at the New York Circus this week. It is a remarkably funny affair, and sets the children almost wild with delight. Those who enjoy the summer races at Jerome Park may obtain equal enjoyment by witnessing the winter races at the Circus. The acrobats, gymnasts, riders, clowns, and all that in there is, will appear in their most popular acts and feats.

VALENTINE VOUSDEN, "Polyphonist," who has been giving performances at Clinton Hall to curtailed though respectable audiences, has closed for the present, owing to "an accident to his ankle." Some close for repairs, some "owing to engagements previously entered into," and some "in consequence of the hall being rented for other purposes." So we go.

STEPHENS, Organiser and Disorganiser of the Fenians, has not yet turned up, although it is morally certain that he hath an abiding place in our midst, and, like country school teachers, "boards around." If Stephens can spare an evening this week, it is to be hoped that he will look in at Charley White's, where the "Fenian's Oath" is to be registered, and where Charley and his troupe will assist in the promulgation of theatric facts. "472" is the number, and Broadway is the street.

NOR PAINTED SCENES nor *ballet* grand can make such great enjoyment, as minstrels thick and minstrels thin, who with Friscos. find employment; for fun without vulgarity will sooth the savage mind, sir; and Polly Ann and Norma, too, in profusion there you'll find, sir. Such well filled houses as they draw would make a hermit laugh, sir, and rum ti tooral tooral loo, and anything else to make a rhyme you please, sir.

"THEY SAY" that two or three other eminent German tragedians, envious of the brief success of Bogumil Dawison, contemplate visiting New York. Being of a superior cast to Bogumil, we presume they will demand a *carte blanche* on the cash box.

FREDERICK DEMSTAEDT, some time ago sued Carl Anschu for back pay as *ballet* master; Frederick gained the suit. Carl appealed, and the Court last week confirmed the judgment of the first court.

DAVIS & CO.'S DRAMATIC AGENCY, No. 497 Broadway, is one of the centres of attraction just now to the theatrical profession and all those who cater to the tastes of the "dear public" in the way of amusement, because there stars, leading business fellers, old men and women and juveniles can find out who wants 'em; and there, also, those individuals yclept managers can have all their wants supplied, such as actors, actresses, stage machinery, scenery and other paraphernalia. For further information in regard to this Co. we refer to their advertisements in another column.

MLLE. MARIE, the daughter of W. B. Carroll, the well known equestrian, has just arrived in this city from New Orleans and the far Southwest, where she has for the past two years fulfilled a series of engagements.

MR. BEN. MAGINLY, the unctuous wit, clown, comedian and vocalist, arrived in the city on the 12th. We should like to see Ben. don the motley in this metropolis, where he was once such a favorite upon the legitimate boards as a comedian.

THE LUBIN MAGICAL APPARATUS MANUFACTORY is located at No. 185 Laurens street. From the long experience and extensive business done by this firm, we apprehend that they know how to work up queer and astonishing contrivances, etc. See advertisement.

THEATRICAL DRESS and ball costume manufacturing is now carried on by Messrs. Lubin at No. 126 Bleecker street, N. Y.

GEO. W. THOMPSON has been engaged for Tony Pastor's Opera House, and he appears nightly in some of his laughable characters. Tony has two more new songs, and as Tony's songs are among the great features at this house, there will be good audiences present to listen to them.

T. B. DEWALDEN has written a new play, called "Three Days in a Broker's Life," which Joseph Jefferson is to produce in Baltimore.

RACHEL NOAH makes her *debut* in this city this evening at the Winter Garden, as Fiordelisia in "The Fool's Revenge."

GOOD HOUSES continue to reward the efforts of Kelly & Leon's Minstrels. A new operetta called "$7,000" was brought out the past week, in which Leon appeared to advantage as a burlesque *prima donna*. He sang the celebrated "Terzette" from the opera of "Lucrezia Borgia." This week they produce the burlesque of "Cinder-le-on," introducing a Madagascar ballet troupe, which, says the programme, "has been recently imported at a fabulous outlay; considering the weather, this charming ballet requires a very simple amount of wardrobe, being accustomed to a climate which averages 260 degrees in the shade."

S. WYLDE HARDINGE, who recently acquitted himself creditably as a dramatic reader in Brooklyn, is now in the field for legitimate business, and open for engagements in any section of the country. Communications appertaining thereto should be addressed to his authorized agents, Messrs. Davis & Co., as per advertisement.

"CENDRILLON" continues the attraction at the New York Theatre. There was a slight falling off last week in the attendance. Miss Hinckley is busily engaged getting up her next piece called "The Bird of Paradise," which will be produced in about two weeks.

SAILED.—H. F. and Amy Stone sailed for San Francisco, Cal., on the 11th inst. They visit the Pacific Slope to see if they can get an opening in any of the theatres there.

ARRIVED.—Otto Burbank, Billy Sheppard and Johnny Collins arrived from Frisco on the 10th inst.

BUDWORTH'S MINSTRELS have a nicely arranged programme for the entertainment of their friends this week, and it is to be hoped that the Fifth Avenue Opera House will be brilliant with the beauty and so forth of that flush neighborhood.

HANDSOME.—The Hanlon Brothers—George, William and Alfred—sent Manager Lingard last week a check for $300, to go in the fund to put Mr. L. on his feet again. This is what we call doing the handsome thing. A friend in need is a friend indeed.

MANAGER LINGARD has leased the Thalia Theatre on Broadway, and will open it early in May with a first class Music Hall company.

NOTWITHSTANDING business is bad all over the country with traveling companies, Messrs. Connor & Co., are kept busy making up companies for trips through the country. Almost every day this firm have calls from managers for performers in every branch of the profession, and it is really surprising to see the many new organizations that are going out to battle with fortune and stare fate in the face. Conner & Co., are prepared at all times to furnish performers, from a tragedian or comedian to a song and dance man, or ladies for a ballet.

Dramatic.

JOHN E. OWENS is at the Opera House, Newark, N. J., opening on the 14th in "Solon Shingle."

BLANCHE DE BAR was to have commenced an engagement at the New Memphis Theatre Dec. 31, but on arriving in that city she was taken suddenly ill, and the "stock" was thrown entirely upon their own resources. Our correspondent says:—"Notwithstanding the efforts of the company, they played to a beggarly account of empty boxes. Had Miss De Bar been well enough she would no doubt have played a fine engagement, as there was a great curiosity to see her act by her old schoolmates (having been educated in this city) and the public generally. Miss De Bar leaves to-day (the 7th) for Boston, where she is to play an engagement at the Athenæum. This evening, (Jan. 7th) Vestvali will make her first appearance before a Memphis audience, in the drama of 'Bel Demonio.'"

JOHN BROUGHAM'S engagement at the Walnut, Philadelphia, is not likely to prove very remunerative. He opened on the 7th to a moderate-sized audience, and the attendance during the week was without improvement. He is now in his second week. "Columbus Reconstructed" is in rehearsal.

CAROLINE HAYES' dramatic forces are in Ravenna, Ohio, this week.

MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS continue to attract large audiences to the Chestnut, Philadelphia, where the "Connie Soogah" is the dramatic attraction. The Williams' engagement is far ahead of Jefferson's and those of other stars who preceded them.

"JACK AND GILL," a pantomime which has held the boards of the American, Philadelphia, for some time, has been withdrawn. We believe Mrs. Drew is to produce the same pantomime at the Arch Street next week, but why, we cannot say, as it was well played at the American, where Tony Denier, the popular clown, made a big hit. Mrs. Drew should give her patrons something new.

"GRIFFITH GAUNT" fell off in attractiveness at the Arch, Philadelphia, during the past week, and "£100,000" is on the boards for the current week. Mrs. Drew is about to play a Bowery actor or as a star at her theatre. G. L. Fox being announced to open an engagement on the 21st.

MR. BELVIL RYAN, advertised as the "celebrated comedian from the New York theatres," is the present star at the American theatre, Philadelphia.

"PEEP O'DAY" keeps the Boards at the Boston Museum.

MARETZEK'S OPERA TROUPE have possession of the Boston Theatre.

HELEN WESTERN closed a six nights' engagement at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, on the 12th inst. Joseph Proctor is the star this week.

L. R. SHEWELL takes a benefit on the 21st instant at the Boston Museum. He plays Frank Annerby in "Favorite of Fortune."

L. P. BARRETT, who was at the Boston Theatre last week, produced "Rosedale," which run to only fair houses until the 11th, when "Hamlet" was brought out for his benefit.

THE "BLACK CROOK" has been produced at the Continental Theatre, Boston, and made a big hit, attracting overflowing houses all last week. The *ballet* is under the direction of Mons. Ronzani. Marietta Ravel, Kitty Blanchard, Kate Pennoyer, Mary Blake and Leonora Creed lead with twenty corypheee. Mr. L. B. Perrin plays Rodolphe; W. H. Smith, Puffenquintz; H. A. Weaver, Hertzog: James Lewis, Greppo; Louisa Myers, Stalacta; Fanny Davenport, Amina; Mrs. L. Morse, Barbara; and Kitty Blanchard as Carline. An exchange says:—"The paucity of material at command is apparent in the Amazonian march of the third act; and this department of the piece generally is very far below the mark which will satisfy the demands of a public not altogether without experience in such matters. The scenery is mostly as old as the Continental itself. The two or three new pieces are well executed, and the closing scene—though the mechanical appliances of the theatre are hardly up to any very striking transformations—is as brilliant as paint and gaslight can make it, and quite imposing in effect."

MANAGERS in want of a leading woman and low comedian will find the address of Mrs. Alice Harrison and Mr. G. W. Harrison in our advertising department this week.

"ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS" was produced at Wood's Museum, Chicago, Ill., on the 7th inst. Frank Aiken played Gerald Goodwin in such a manner as to centre around him the earnest interest of the listener. McManus as Blockshaw and Barry as Barlow, are said to "have acted well their parts." C. S. Rogers, low comedian, took a benefit on the 11th inst.

FANNY MORGAN PHELPS will commence an engagement at the Academy of Music, Albany, N. Y., on the 28th inst.

MISS GRACE DARLEY, burlesque actress and sensation vocalist, will sail for San Francisco on the steamer Rising Star on the 21st inst., under engagement to Sheridan Corbyn.

DAN BRYANT closed an engagement at the Opera House, Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 12th, and is followed this week by E. L. Davenport, who was to open on the 14th in "St. Marc."

CECILE RUSH opened at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, on the 7th, in "Bianca." "Love's Sacrifice" was performed on the 8th, followed on the 9th by "Ingomar." For her benefit she produced "East Lynne."

CHARLES DILLON commences an engagement at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, on the 21st.

JOHN DILLON, who has disappointed the public on several occasions by not appearing as advertised, is out in the Chicago papers with a card, promising to do better. Mr. Dillon is one of the best actors in the West, and it is a pity that he, like many other professionals, cannot keep that enemy that steals away the brain, out of his mouth.

PRESENTATION TO HARRY B. HUDSON.—Mr. Harry B. Hudson, the popular and respected juvenile man of McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, was presented on the occasion of his benefit, Monday 31st Dec., with a magnificent gold watch and chain, subscribed for by his many friends. Harry is an actor of ability, careful, and a good dresser

PAUL (J. C.) JONES, a former member of the company attached to the Howard Athenæum, Boston, died in that city last week.

FROM PORTLAND, ME., we are advised of doings in the dramatic world by a correspondent signing himself "Kelly," under date of the 12th inst. He says:—"Rachel Johnson, supported by B. Macauley, have been the attractions at the theatre, and have drawn good houses during their engagement. This is their second week. They have produced 'King's Rival,' 'Belle of the Season,' 'East Lynne,' 'Lucretia Borgia,' 'World of Fashion,' 'Hunchback' and 'Griffith Gaunt.' Portland has enjoyed a feast in witnessing 'Griffith Gaunt,' and it will long be remembered. The number of characters in the play require (where a company is not a full one) numerous 'doubles.' Mr. Beattie's Squire Peyton and King's Attorney (especially the latter), were very finely acted. Miss Johnson and Mr. Macauley were all that could be wished as Kate Peyton and Griffith Gaunt. Dollie Bidwell gave a refreshing rendering of Mercy Vint. C. H. Clark, the comedian, played Carrick, the cow doctor, with his usual humor; his Yorkshire dialect was good; Mr. S. E. Brown, as Tom Leicester, played the part very well. Mr. G. E. Wilson made all that could be of George Neville, and is a very deserving actor, but should have disguised himself when he danced in the Fair scene. The fair, in the last scene of the 3d act, was well gotten up."

W. H. DAVIS' VARIETY COMPANY, consisting of W. H. and Nellie Davis, Master Sterri, C. W. Seeley, Eugene Leach, Neil Rogers, and R. R. Baker, are traveling through this State. They were at Sinclairville on the 11th inst., and were to go thence to Westfield, Erie, Corry, and down through Pennsylvania.

RECEIPTS OF PHILADELPHIA THEATRES.—The *Evening Telegraph*, of Philadelphia, gives a series of tables showing the receipts of the principal places of amusement in that city for each month of 1865 and 1866, with a comparative statement of the increase or decrease in the amount of business done by them, and the amount of the tax of 2 per cent. on the gross receipts which has been paid to the United States during the same period is also shown.

Walnut Street Theatre.—This establishment was closed for several months in 1865. During the remainder of the two years it was open for evening performances, and occasionally for Saturday afternoon matinees. About two hundred and forty performances were given in 1865, with average receipts of $380; during 1866 about three hundred and twenty-five performances were given, the receipts averaging $530. The receipts and taxes for the several months of the two years were as follows:—

Month.	1865. Rec'pts.	Taxes.	1866. Rec'pts.	Taxes.
January	$6,300	$126 00	$16,877	$337 54
February	closed	......	16,666	333 32
March	4,500	90 00	17,410	348 20
April	3,192	63 84	15,003	300 06
May	7,000	140 00	19,350	387 00
June	closed	......	12,888	257 76
July	closed	......	5,571	111 42
August	closed	......	9,193	183 86
September	20,909	418 18	10,772	214 44
October	14,317	286 34	15,937	318 74
November	15,989	319 78	17,872	357 44
December	19,683	393 66	15,791	315 82
Total	91,890	1,837 80	173,530	3,481 32

Chestnut Street Theatre.—This theatre has been open almost uninterruptedly during the two years, for evening performances, Saturday afternoon *matinees*, and frequently on Wednesday afternoons. During 1865 about 360 performances were given, with average receipts of about $455. During 1866 about the same number of performances were given, with average receipts of $340. The receipts and taxes for the two years, in detail, were as follows:—

Month.	1865. Rec'pts.	Taxes.	1866. Rec'pts.	Taxes.
January	$11,997	$239 95	$13,794	$275 88
February	12,168	223 26	13,010	260 20
March	23,708	474 16	11,721	234 42
April	10,456	209 12	8,665	173 70
May	12,878	257 56	13,253	265 06
June	8,701	174 02	8,325	166 50
July	11,472	229 44	1,884	37 68
August	15,714	314 28	7,161	143 22
September	11,938	238 76	7,507	150 14
October	14,463	289 26	10,686	213 72
November	16,326	326 52	13,765	275 30
December	16,292	325 84	13,004	260 08
Total	166,108	3,302 17	122,775	2,455 90

Arch Street Theatre.—This establishment was closed during several weeks of each year. No *matinees* have been given. The number of evening performances in 1865 were about 275, with average receipts of $575. During 1866 there were about 260 performances, the receipts averaging $435. The receipts and taxes for 1865 and 1866 were as follows:—

Month.	1865. Rec'pts.	Taxes.	1866. Rec'pts.	Taxes.
January	$17,972	$359 44	$12,872	$247 44
February	15,897	317 94	14,212	284 24
March	19,334	386 68	15,601	312 02
April	10,285	205 70	12,124	242 48
May	12,444	248 88	8,217	164 34
June	11,432	228 64	5,399	107 98
July	9,725	194 50	1,928	38 56
August	924	18 48	closed	......
September	11,965	239 30	9,328	186 56
October	16,467	329 34	9,694	193 86
November	19,214	384 28	13,098	261 96
December	13,208	264 16	11,350	227 00
Total	158,867	3,177 34	113,823	2,266 44

The Academy of Music.—The returns from this institution are very meagre, as each lessee makes his own returns, and pays his own taxes to the United States Internal Revenue officers.

Month.	1865. Rec'pts.	Taxes.	1866. Rec'pts.	Taxes.
January	$5,669	$113 38	....	....
February	14,062	281 24	$19,049	$380 98
March	4,332	86 64	....	....
April	1,408	28 16	25,291	505 82
September	....	....	6,838	136 76
October	....	....	25,056	501 12
November	....	....	13,670	272 40

WILLIAM SHIRE, business manager of the National, Cincinnati, had a benefit at that house on the 7th, the pieces produced being "Magic Marriage" and "My Neighbor's Wife," sandwiched by a musical melange. Mr. D. T. Jones, the sculptor, went through the performance of modeling a bust before an audience, something never done before. The house was full of the *elite* and refined of the city, and was a conclusive evidence of Mr. Shire's endeavors to please having succeeded. He has been a manager for the past 30 years, and once owned a theatre where the Burnet House now stands. He is well known in the profession, and enjoys the confidence of all who know him. The stock reigned supreme during the remainder of the week, and on the 14th Ristori puts in an appearance for five nights.

AT WOOD'S, Cincinnati, the "Ice Witch" has been running for the past three weeks. It has been gotten up in an excellent manner, both as regards scenery and costumes, aided by a good *ballet*. Mr. and Mrs. Florence were to have opened on the 14th for two weeks.

MANAGER GOLDEN and his dramatic corps opened at Henderson, Ky., on the 1st ult., with "Child of the Regiment" and "Eton Boy." During the week they had "Fanchon," "Pearl of Savoy," "Hidden Hand," &c., Bella Golden being the principal attraction. Monday, the 7th inst., the "Robbers" and "Young Actress," were to be presented.

A NEW OPERA HOUSE.—Cincinnati, it is said, will surely have an Opera House before another six months pass away. The Handy Opera House, which was commenced some time since, and then given up, is to be erected upon the site occupied by the late residence of David Gibbons, on Vine street, between Sixth and Seventh streets. Only $25,000 of the specified necessary amount remains to be subscribed, and it is thought that this sum will be speedily raised. Ground is to be broken during the present month and the work pushed forward with all possible alacrity.

WILLIS' DRAMATIC TROUPE, with Imogene Tracey, P. E. Durivage, W. P. Thompson, Mrs. E. T. Stetson and Carrie Durivage in the party, were at Fulton Hall, Lancaster, Pa., last week.

MURRAY AND BLAKE'S DRAMATIC COMPANY were at Lansing, Mich., on New Year's day, and were to remain there during the session of the Legislature. The company consists of John and Lottie Murray, Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Blake, A. S. Casper, H. Mackey, Geo. Hodgkins, J. Phillips, Wm. Stephens, Charlie Blake and Matilda Emerson.

FIRE.—The house of Mrs. Rowena Granice Steele, a popular California actress, was entirely destroyed by fire on Dec. 16th, on Deadham's Bar, Stanislaus River, Cal. The citizens of Gold Spring and Columbia generously contributed to the relief of the mother and her four children.

A SINGING CHAMBERMAID is wanted for a season of ten months by Manager J. F. Sherry for his New York Theatre Company. See advertisement.

THE HANLON BROTHERS closed at the Greenlaw Opera House, Memphis, Jan. 5th, after a highly successful engagement of three weeks. They opened in Montgomery, Ala., on the 8th.

MISS DEBAR being unable from illness to fulfil her engagement at the New Memphis Theatre, the week ensing 5th Jan. was filled out by the stock, the houses averaging about twenty dollars per night, we are told. Vestvali commenced there on the 7th for one week.

THE ATHENÆUM, Cairo, under the management of F. A. Tannehill, has gone up. It was expected to re-open on the Commonwealth system.

HO! FOR RICHMOND.—Any aspirant for managerial honors who thinks he can cater successfully for the people of Richmond, Va., in the way of amusements, should make application for the Richmond Theatre through C. S. Bernard, of this city, whose precise address will be found in an advertisement in this and succeeding issues of the CLIPPER.

AN ACTOR and two actresses are wanted for the Theatre Comique, Cincinnati, by James A. Oates. See advertisement. The above establishment is to open on February 1st.

NEW ORLEANS is well provided with amusements this season, and the doings at the different theatres there are thus recorded by our correspondent "Laertes," under date of Jan. 5th:—"The Varieties Theatre opened the present week with the re-production of the play entitled 'Waiting for the Verdict,' on the 31st ult. On the 1st inst. 'Married Life' and 'Ireland as it Was,' were given, and on the 2d the popular drama of 'East Lynne, or the Elopement,' was brought out in very fine style, with the following cast:—Sir Francis Levison, Jas. Carden; Archibald Carlyle, A. H. Davenport; Lord Mountsevern, A. D. Bradley; Richard Hare, L. Morrison; Lady Isabel and Mme. Vine, Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau; Barbara Hare, Mrs. W. R. Floyd; Miss Corney, Mrs. Nellie Taylor; Joyce, Miss Angela Sefton; Wilson, Rose Wood; and Mrs. Hare, Mrs. L. E. Seymour. No change of bill has taken place since then, and it will probably keep the boards several nights longer. 'Enoch Arden,' 'Rosedale,' and the new drama of 'Griffith Gaunt,' are in rehearsal, and will be produced at an early day. Joe Jefferson will also shortly appear at this house......E. Eddy and Henrietta Irving commenced an engagement at the St. Charles on the 31st ult., choosing the great dramatic spectacle of the 'Jewess, or the Council of Constance,' for their initial performance. Mr. Eddy sustains the character of Eleazar; Miss Irving, Rachel; and E. L. Tilton that of John Forrester. This piece having proved of sufficient attraction in itself, nothing else has been produced during the week. 'Faustus' and 'Griffith Gaunt' are in preparation, and will be brought out during the Eddy and Irving engagement. Lucille Western opens on the 14th inst......The Olympic, as previously announced, opened its doors to the public on the [illegible] ult., under the management of the favorite Bob Hart. Long before the curtain rose the house was densely crowded with an immense throng of eager pleasure seekers, who came to enjoy the good things which Bob had prepared for them. It was, without the least shadow of exaggeration, the largest audience that ever assembled within its walls, and I am highly gratified in being able to state that there has been no falling off ever since the opening night. The various songs, dances, gymnastic performances, &c., were rendered in a very satisfactory manner, and won well merited applause; but by far the greatest centre of attraction were the pretty waiter girls, of whom there is quite a select number. This was the first time that anything of the kind was ever introduced into this city, and they of course excited a great deal of curiosity, which they will no doubt keep up. To have a drink and a choice weed handed to you by a fair damsel is something new to us, but one which is highly appreciated by our fast youths, who will now make this their principal place of resort. Take it all in all it is a 'big thing,' and Bob is on the road to fortune. The following are some of the performers now engaged at this house:—The Bliss Family, consisting of Sig. Bliss and Masters George, Robert and Charles; Sig. Farranti; Geo. Powers; Eugene F. Gorman; T. L. Connor; Jno. Campbell; Murray and Walters, clog dancers; S. C. Thompson; Billy Boyse; Steve Marcello; Corporal Max, the infant wonder; Billy Sweatman, banjoist and comedian; Miss C. W. Weeks, danseuse; Miss Maggie Clair, vocalist and comedienne; and last, but not least, Miss Fraulien Louise. Besides these, new stars have been engaged and will appear in rapid succession during the season. ......At the Opera House, Mons. Alhaiza presented four very choice pieces to his patrons on New Year's day, or night rather. On the 3d inst. the brilliant comedy of 'Le Mari a la Campagne' was produced, introducing Mlle. Thorcy, who made her *debut* on this occasion and was quite successful. To-morrow night 'La Belle Gabrielle' will be given......At the National, Otto Hoym continues to delight his countrymen with his performances in the German language. He is very efficiently supported by Miss Rhode, who is every inch an actress. Last night (4th inst.) they both appeared in a German version of Shakespeare's favorite comedy of 'Katharine and Petruchio.' ......At the Academy there has been nothing worthy of remark this week. The new burlesque extravaganza of 'Robinson Crusoe' is still on the boards. Harry Pearson, who came here with Manager Floyd to the Varieties Theatre at the beginning of the season, but with whom he shortly afterwards 'split,' is at present playing at this house."

THE OLYMPIC THEATRE, St. Louis, has had to close, as the management could not secure a succession of stars. A portion of the company has gone to the Opera House, Springfield, Ill., and some to Chicago. As to the future of the establishment, little is known. Several popular managers from other cities are said to be in treaty for it, but at present we believe nothing definite is decided on. In the meantime the proprietor will keep it shut, not believing in running it at a loss.

MRS. D. P. BOWERS commenced an engagement at the Opera House, Columbus, Ohio, on the 7th inst., in the "Lady of Lyons." "Leap Year" was the afterpiece, with Harry Crisp as Dimple. During the week, Mrs. Bowers appeared as Julia, Parthenia and Lady Isabel, supported by J. C. McCollom. In "East Lynne," Lillie Eldridge is said to have made a beautiful Barbara Hare.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the stockholders of the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, was held on the evening of the 11th inst., when the following Directors were elected for the year 1867: Henry G. Pierrepont, Luther B. Wyman, Charles A. Townsend, Isaac H. Frothingham and Marcellus Massey. Previous to the election, the report of the Finance Committee was read, by which it was shown that the largely increasing demand for the Academy of Music, with the corresponding receipts of 183 nights against 123 of the previous year, or sixty nights of an increase, gives a gain of about fifty per cent. as compared with the year 1865. Of this number there were thirty-nine operatic, sixty-seven dramatic performances, about fifty concerts, lectures and exhibitions, and the other nights by balls, promenade concerts, &c. The increased income of the year has been derived from fourteen additional operas, nearly $2,475; and fifty-seven dramatic performances, giving $8,580; together, $11,055 excess over last year in these two items. The receipts for the auditorium were $30,205, assembly and directors' room, $850. The total receipts for the past year were $32,365, which is a gain of $10,000 over 1865, or about forty-five per cent. Owing to the extraordinary expenses incurred in procuring new scenery, decorations and repairs during the year, there are no dividends declared.

A NEW THEATRE IN BROOKLYN is fixed upon. The ground is purchased, a stock company organizing, in which Hooley and Grogan will figure prominently, and ere a month has expired the ground will probably be broken for the new building. It is to be called the Montague Theatre, and will be located on the corner of Clinton and Montague streets.

THEATRICALS IN BROOKLYN have been slow the past week. The Park has been doing a fair business. We notice that Mrs. Conway has improved her company by the addition of one lady member, named Laura Queen, a pretty little actress, very similar in form and style to Sallie Helman. On Saturday a Fenian drama was presented; "Inshavogue, or the Days of '98," is the title of the play.

MR. AND MRS. HARRY WATKINS were at Augusta, Ga., last week, giving a series of their favorite plays. "Kathleen" was the play on the 7th inst. They were announced to remain the current week.

A BENEFIT for the Masonic Hall and Asylum Fund on behalf of the Keystone Lodge of this city is to come off on the 17th inst. at Washington Hall, Williamsburgh, L. I. "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" and "Jenny Lind" will be performed, introducing a number of amateurs as well as professionals.

MR. GEORGE H. CLARKE, late leading man at the New Chestnut, Philadelphia, has been discharged by the manager for cause.

ZOE was the attraction last week at the Metropolitan Theatre, Buffalo. Our correspondent "Charley Mayne," under date of the 11th, says:—"Zoe's engagement has proved to be a profitable one, the theatre being well filled every evening since her reappearance. The 'Sylph' has successfully essayed the triple *role* in 'The French Spy,' which has been represented three nights, and 'The Wizard Skiff,' and will to-night appear in 'The Broken Sword' and 'Wept of Wish-ton-Wish.' I venture to state in this connection that never on any previous occasion was an audience subjected to such an outrageous insult at the hands of a player as was the one in attendance on the occasion of the final presentation of 'The French Spy,' on the 9th inst., when the representative of the character of Achmet Bey appeared in a beastly state of intoxication, so much so, that in attempting to ascend the throne, he stumbled and fell headlong on the stage, unable to recover his equilibrium, where he comported himself in such a maudlin manner as to disgust the whole auditory. No attempts were made to hush up the matter by attributing the cause to 'serious indisposition,' but the Stage Manager promptly appeared on the scene and imparted the gratifying intelligence that the Thespian votary of Bacchus had 'strutted his brief hour,' and the scenes that once knew him shall know him no more. Zoe's French Spy is conceded to be one of the best on the stage. Ed. Lay contributed much to the success of the drama by his excellent conception and delineation of the *role* of Mohammed. 'The Brigand' and 'Child of the Wreck' are announced as being in rehearsal."

SHERRY'S DRAMATIC COMPANY opened at Ely Hall, Elmira, N. Y., on the 7th inst. A correspondent says:—"The initial performance was 'Little Barefoot,' with Jennie Carroll in the title *role*. She is a pleasing little actress. Mr. J. F. Sherry's William Peace was a fine piece of acting—also, the Jemmy of Mr. W. J. Ferguson. The play was rendered in an acceptable manner. On the 10th 'Lost in London' was produced, with Jennie Carroll as Nelly Armroyd, J. W. Carroll as Job, W. J. Ferguson as Gilbert Featherstone, and J. H. Bowers as Benjamin Blinker. The company is much better than is usually found traveling."

FRANK CHANFRAU succeeded Emily Thorne on the 7th inst. at the Metropolitan Theatre, Indianapolis, Ind., opening in "Sam." It was in Indianapolis that this comedy was originally produced by Mr. Chanfrau, in order to get it in good running order before he produced it in New York. Our correspondent, writing on the 10th, says:—"Business has been big, and Chanfrau bids fair to be the trump card of the season. He was well supported by the company. Mr. Riley as Bill Crockett, J. S. Rooney as Gen. Roslyn, H. A. Wentworth as Hon. Geo. Cropsey, Sid. Smith as Arthur Shafton, J. A. Lord as James Plushly, with Mr. Hodges as Dick, often brought down the house. Mrs. Riley played in a creditable manner, Laura Roslyn. Chanfrau, as Sam, brought down the house with tumultuous applause, and was honored each evening with a call before the curtain. Chanfrau appears to-night as Wool, and for his benefit in 'Solon Shingle' and 'Bull Run,' closing the week with the 'Ticket of Leave Man.' Business is quite lively now. The Indiana Legislature is in session."

THE BOSTON THEATRE COMPANY, with J. B. Booth as stage and E. M. Leslie as business manager, were to open the Academy of Music, Providence, R. I., on the 14th inst., with the "Octoroon," with the following cast:—Scudder, C. R. Thorne, Jr.; McCloskey, L. Aldrich; Pete, F. Hardenbergh; Sunnyside, W. M. Leman; Wah-no-te, S. H. Forsberg; Ratts, W. St. Maur; George, H. L. Bascomb; Poindexter, W. F. Burroughs; Zoe, Mrs. Agnes Perry; Dora, Miss S. Cluer; Mrs. Peyton, Mrs. E. F. Stewart; and the remaining characters well distributed. The entire stock scenery of the Academy has been repainted by the young Providence artist, P. Hill, while the principal scenes of the "Octoroon" have been done by the artist, Geo. Heister. The company intend remaining during the stay of the opera at Boston, running the "Octoroon," "Griffith Gaunt," "Rosedale," "Streets of New York," etc.

THE ATHENÆUM, Cairo, Ill., was re-opened on the 7th inst., under the management of Frank Tannyhill, with "Still Waters Run Deep" and "In and Out of Place." The following is a list of the company:—Mrs. F. H. Tannyhill, Lena Whitford, Minnie Clayton; Messrs. F. H. Tannyhill, A. L. Gooding, Ned Straight, G. Goldsmith, S. A. Silver, J. B. Ashton, C. D. Lovett, C. Hardy, J. Shultz. Mrs. Tannyhill was to take a benefit on the 11th inst.

SUSAN DENIN was the star last week at Milwaukee, Wis., succeeding Emilie Melville, and opening in "East Lynne" on the 7th. Our correspondent, "Claude," says: Miss Denin's Lady Isabella and Madame Vine was truly a fine rendition. Mr. Duncan's Sir Francis, and Mr. T. J. Langdon's Dill, were played in a praiseworthy manner. I cannot say as much in favor of Mr. Breyer's Archibald. The minor characters were poorly sustained. On the 8th "The Child Stealer" was produced; 9th, "Oliver Twist," and on the 10th "The Woman in Red," and "An Object of Interest."

LADY DON was, at last accounts, the attraction at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco. "Rob Roy" was produced on Dec. 12th, with Lady Don as Francis Osbaldistone, Harry Edwards as Rob Roy, and Harry Jackson as Bailie Nicol Jarvie. The "Flowers of the Forest" on the 13th served to introduce Lady Don in a favorite *role*. The burlesque of "Lalla Rookh" was brought out on Dec. 17th. Lady Don is said to have looked dashing in the character of Troubador. On Dec. 19th "Lalla Rookh" and "Nine Points of the Law" were given. Lady Don's second engagement in San Francisco was far below her first, pecuniarly, and she would have left a better impression behind her if she had not commenced the second.

JOHN P. STONE, the second walking gent of the Metropolitan Theatre, Indianapolis, Ind., has written a five act historical drama entitled "The Council of Ten," which is announced for production for J. S. Rooney's benefit.

CECILE RUSH is to be the star next week at the Metropolitan Theatre, Indianapolis, Ind.

THE PITTSBURGH THEATRE commenced the past week with a dramatic and miscellaneous company under Mr. Henderson's management. The sensation drama of "The Tower of Death" was performed, with Anna Levering as the Queen. A *ballet* followed, introducing a large *corps de ballet* led by Geo. W. Smith. A pantomime closed the evening's entertainment. The style of performance was very much liked by the audience.

THE "NAIAD QUEEN," which has been the attraction at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, Ohio, the past two weeks, with Effie Ellsler as Lurline, was withdrawn on the 12th, and is followed this week by Bandmann.

EDWIN ADAMS commenced an engagement at Mobile, Ala., on the 7th, opening in "Hamlet," which was followed on the 8th by "Macbeth."

THE MARTINETTIS have been attracting large audiences to the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco. The pantomime of "The Golden Egg" was produced on the 10th, and it marked a new era in the business of the troupe. On Dec. 20th "Jocko, or the Brazilian Ape," was to be produced, with M. Marzetti as Jocko.

SAM GLENN and a dramatic company have possession of Washington Hall, Wheeling, West Virginia.

MRS. J. H. ALLEN is at present at her home in Richmond, Va., confined to her room by severe indisposition.

THE ST. JOSEPH, MO., THEATRE closed its season on the 5th inst.

ALICE KINGSBURY has been meeting with success through the mountain towns of California. She was at Grass Valley the week ending Dec. 22d.

MR. HOWARD PAUL, who wrote one of the Florences' best protean pieces, "Thrice Married," is engaged on a similar piece, "Saucy Kate," for little Lotta, which will contain five characters, and embodies a droll and original plot.

JOHN WESLEY HILL, late leading man of the Indianapolis Theatre, was in that city last week. John says he is engaged to do the heavy business for six months at Sadler's Wells Theatre, London, from June 1st.

WILLIE WARE, after a long retirement, intends to start out next fall with an entirely new *repertoire*, wardrobe, &c., having engaged W. R. Hoyden, of Louisville, as his agent.

R. S. MELDRUM, the young American tragedian, late with Miss Laura Keene, and J. J. Sullivan, walking gent, are the guests of Willie Ware, author and actor, at his residence, "Raisin Lodge," on the banks of the Raisin, Monroe, Mich., where they can be addressed for three weeks. Let managers and all interested take notice. See advertisement.

A FULL DRAMATIC COMPANY is wanted for Bloomington, Ill., by J. W. Carter. See advertisement.

AT THE HOLLIDAY STREET THEATRE, Baltimore, Mr. Joseph Jefferson, flush from a season of success in Washington, D. C., appeared on the 7th instant. The domestic and emotional drama of "Dot, or the Cricket on the Hearth," was performed. He also appeared in the burlesque of "A Regular Fix," and, as Hugh de Brass, evoked the liveliest merriment. The same bill was repeated on Tuesday evening, and on Wednesday, with the exception of the after-piece being "Lend Me Five Shillings." On Thursday he appeared as Dr. Pangloss, in the "Heir at

Law," concluding with the "Spitfire," and on Friday (benefit), "Old Heads and Young Hearts." Monday (14th), he appears in his speciality of "Rip Van Winkle."

EMILIE MELVILLE opened at Young Men's Hall, Detroit, on the 7th inst., in the "Pride of the Market" and "Jenny Lind." Our correspondent "Meteor," under date of the 11th inst., says:—"She was greeted by a fair house, an agreeable variation from the empty seats that have *enjoyed* the performances for some time past. Her 'Fanchon' and 'Little Barefoot' on the following two evenings were attended by equally good audiences. On the 10th she took a benefit, appearing as Joan of Arc in the play of the same name, and Rosette in the 'Swiss Swains,' in both of which she showed great ability."

IN WASHINGTON, D. C., Maretzek's Italian Opera Troupe at the National Theatre have not been doing (pecuniarily) as well as the management could have desired. It is thought that the recent receptions which have but just been inaugurated have had something to do towards thinning the houses. "Zampa" was not given on the 7th, but "Ernani" was, with Senora Carmen Poch as Elvira, and Signor Mazzoleni in the title *role*. On the 8th, "Faust" was given, with Clara Louisa Kellogg in her great *role* of Marguerita, and Signor Antonucci as Mephistophiles. "La Sonnambula" was presented on the 9th, with Amelia M. Hauck as Amina and Fanny Stockton as Lisa. On the 10th, "Fra Diavolo" was given, Miss Clara Kellogg and Signor Bonconi making a last appearance. On this occasion the audience was very large and unusually brilliant. On the 11th, Herold's Grand Romantic Opera of "Zampa, or the Marble Bride," was announced, which would close the opera season......Our correspondent, "Novice," says—"On the 12th the Dramatic Stock do the 'Streets of New York,' with Mr. F. L. Kent as Badger. The gift arrangement, which was to have been given on this date, was unavoidably postponed. On the 14th Maggie Mitchell appears as Fanchon. An extra charge is made for reserved seats during Miss Mitchell's engagement. She remains two weeks; and will probably give us a week of 'Fanchon,' and divide the second week between 'Little Barefoot' and 'Pearl of Savoy.' I don't believe she will try 'Hermance, the Child of Fortune,' *here*. Maggie is to be succeeded by Mrs. F. W. Lander, after which we are promised the head and front of the profession, Edwin Forrest......It was rather unfortunate for the management of Wall's Opera House that Mr. E. L. Davenport could not have been induced to delay his engagement, in order to allow the 'Long Strike' to retain the boards. It was really a pity to disturb it, with the largest houses of the season attending its representations. It was withdrawn, however, in the very zenith of its success, on the 5th inst. I desire to note the thoroughly excellent manner in which Frank Lawlor did the part of the Irish sailor, Johnny Reilly. It is decidedly the best I have seen the gentleman do this season. Mr. E. L. Davenport made his first appearance at this house on the 7th inst., in 'Hamlet,' capitally supported by Lawlor, Mortimer, Varrey, Phillips, Metkiff, Egbert, and Emily Jordan. On the 8th the comedy of 'Much Ado About Nothing' was given, with Mr. Davenport as Benedick and Emily Jordan as Beatrice. O'Keefe's comedy of 'Wild Oats' was presented on the 9th, with Mr. E. L. Davenport in his great character of Jack Rover. On the 10th, the five act comedy of 'Fashion' enjoyed a representation. This evening (11th) the occasion of the first benefit of Mr. D., Sheridan's comedy of the 'School for Scandal' will be given. To-morrow night Mr. Davenport closes his engagement, and on the 14th the 'Long Strike' will be reproduced. The 'Fast Family' will follow the 'Long Strike.'"

Circuses.

ANOTHER OUTRAGE.—MURDER AND WOUNDING OF CIRCUS PEOPLE.—We have received the following account of an attack upon a circus company in Mississippi, by which one of the members was killed and others wounded. If these things are to continue in such a Godforsaken country, traveling troupes will find it necessary to arm themselves against the assassins that now infest certain parts of Mississippi, and open their batteries on them at the first intimation of an outbreak. We know nothing of the cause (said to be owing to Yankees being in the troupe) of the attack on Lipman's Circus; we only know that a murder has been committed, and the guilty perpetrators should be made to suffer the penalty. Read the letter:

NATCHEZ, Miss., Dec. 28th, 1866.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—The following is a brief account of a most villainous outrage perpetrated upon Mike Lipman's Colossal Combination Circus while at Winona, Miss. The company arrived at Winona on the morning of the 21st instant, and was received very kindly by a few leading citizens of the town. During the afternoon performance it was rumored that we were to be whipped and run out of the town that night; no attention was paid to the rumor, and the night performance passed off satisfactorily. While making our usual settlements with hotels, stables, etc., etc., shooting was heard in the direction of the depot. I sent the Postmaster and a citizen of the town to the depot to enquire and report the cause of the shooting; the first firing was at 12 o'clock at night, and at 1 o'clock we heard that some drunken men (citizens), had been firing their revolvers in the air, and finished by shooting two or three times into the stock car, which resulted in the wounding of Horseler Howard through the hand. At one and-a-half o'clock, everything being settled, the whole company proceeded to the depot, and entered the cars, when a man styling himself the magistrate of the town, with another person, came aboard and insisted that we should move off immediately. The conductor refused to move until the proper time, and the two men came to me enquiring about our men, saying that if I could keep our people inside of the car he could assure us that no danger need be apprehended, and that he (the supposed magistrate), and citizen could control the citizens of the town. I assured him that none of our company would come outside. At two o'clock, A.M., as we were passing the depot (at Winona), the ruffians opened a most villainous fire (from behind cotton bales, arranged for breastworks), upon our unprotected men, women and children! many of whom were asleep. The cold blooded assassins finding us unprepared, and wholly unaware of any attack, rushed from behind their cotton ambush to the car, and poured their deadly fire through the glass windows at our innocent people, and brutally murdered Mr. Chas. Miniki, a German, from Memphis, Tenn. Mr. Miniki was a member of Oscar P. Perry's Philadelphia Band, and a more kind, inoffensive young man, never breathed. Chas. Wilson, a canvass man, was slightly wounded in the neck; several of the company had their clothes and hats cut by the bullets, and several felt the whiz of these deadly missiles. Two or three of our men, who were armed, rushed to the rear of the car and returned the fire. The day following, while at Canton, Miss., the passengers per next train reported three of the murderers dangerously wounded. It is supposed that there were 400 or 500 in the murderous gang. The Jackson *Mississipian* having refused or neglected to publish my report—and having a company of over sixty people aboard of this train—I appeal to you in behalf of the whole company, to expose this foul assassination. Respectfully yours, GEO. G. MORTON, Treasurer and Acting Manager Mike Lipman's Colossal Combination Circus and Trained Animals.

P. S.—The only cause that can be assigned for the outrage was that we had some Yankees in our company. Now I am a Southern man, and never was over 250 miles North of Nashville, my home, in my life.

THE AMERICAN CIRCUS FOR THE PARIS EXHIBITION.—The preparations for the World's Fair next summer are fast maturing. Mr. Smith in Havana, Dr. Spalding in Albany, Mr. Nathans in New York, Mr. Bidwell in New Orleans, and Mr. Quick in Europe, are perfecting and elaborating the details for the American Circus. They contemplate including artists from all parts of America, and not exclusively from the United States, we understand, as steps have already been taken to have the entire Western Continent represented. A distinguished Mexican and famous Brazilian performer are already enrolled, and, as Indians and negro minstrels are American specialities, an Apache, who is said to realize the fabulous centaurs of the ancients in merging himself into his mustang when on the war path, and several noted imitators of *"American citizens of African descent"* are to be embraced in the programme. Mr. Kennedy, of Albany, who builds many of the traveling circuses in this country, is constructing the Premium Portable Amphitheatre. He made the portable theatre taken by Spalding & Rogers to South America in 1862 and '63, which was pronounced a marvel of elegance and convenience even in that country of luxurious theatres. The Paris structure, however, is to be much more extensive and magnificent. It is to contain 44 private boxes, besides the imperial loge; 760 parquet seats; 1420 balcony seats; and a spacious gallery, rendering the building of the capacity of about 3,500 persons, and all the seats cane bottomed folding chairs of a design gotten up expressly for the occasion. Notwithstanding it is expected to be able to erect the theatre in three days and take it down for transportation in the same length of time, it is to be apparently as substantial and much more unique than any permanent amphitheatre in Paris or elsewhere. The theatre, the trappings, the printing and the wardrobe, like the artists, are intended to invite criticism and compete for medals against the rest of the world. We are told that some artists who are conceded to be superior hesitate to enter the lists, not from any apprehension of competing successfully with Europeans, but from hesitation in meeting some of their American *confreres*, who, they seem to feel, will carry off all the prizes. They evidently misapprehend. The classification is intended to furnish an opportunity for all who excel in any branch of the business. For instance, although James Robinson will doubtless win the premium in his particular line by default, he will scarcely compete in pad, hurdle, bar, and two horse riding. The same distinctions will exist in gymnastics and acrobatics. The field is broad enough for all great American performers without conflicting with each other, and they will have a chance to tilt to their hearts' content with their transatlantic brethren without frittering away their blows upon each other.

MR. BEN MAGINLEY, the well known clown, jester and comedian, has arrived in New York, accompanied by his wife, M'lle Maria, well known to the profession as the daughter of W. B. Carroll, and Master Louis, apprentice to the former. Mr. and Mrs. Maginley have the repute of being first class artists, the latter an accomplished equestrienne, and her pad horse a sagacious animal. They have just closed an engagement of fourteen months with Haight & Chambers' Circus. Letters may be addressed to Mr. Ben Maginley, in care of N. Y. CLIPPER.

MDLLE. MARIE, a popular equestrienne, can be engaged for the approaching tenting season, together with her own pad horse. Ben Maginley, well known on the legitimate boards as a clever low comedian and vocalist, but who for the past two years has appeared in the saw-dust ring as Motley, can also be engaged. His address will be found among our advertisements.

HAIGHT & CHAMBERS' CIRCUS broke up at New Orleans.

THE HOLLAND FAMILY have left the Mike Lipman Circus.

BARNEY CARROLL, well known by the oldest as well as the youngest of equestrians, can be engaged for the tenting season. Barney has his own horses, and as a two, four, or six-horse rider, is one of the best in the business. Managers wishing to secure him will find his address in another column.

YANKEE ROBINSON has for sale a lot of circus property, consisting of pad horses, tents, scenery for a traveling dramatic company, hand organs, trick mules, trick pony, a sacred cow, wagons suitable for the road and a lot of seats. For particulars see advertisement.

DR. R. P. JONES, well known by all circus men, has been engaged for Stone, Rosston, Murray & Coyle's Circus the coming tenting season.

YANKEE ROBINSON'S CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE is said to be meeting with a fair share of public patronage in Chicago. Ring sports, horses and a zoological garden containing any quantity of wild beasts, are on exhibition every afternoon and evening. James Robinson and his son Clarence will shortly commence an engagement with the Yankee, who has been laid up for some time with sickness. He is said to have lost forty-one pounds in two weeks. We are pleased to hear that he is convalescent.

Negro Minstrelsy.

JACK HAVERLY, of Haverly and Sands' Minstrels, which busted up some months ago, is now in Indianapolis, organizing a minstrel-troupe.

FORBES AND BROWNE'S YOUNG AMERICA MINSTRELS, an amateur company, played at the State House, New Haven, Conn., Jan. 8th and 9th. They were up in "farce" as well as the legislators that there met.

SHIMER AND BARNEY'S MINSTRELS went up at Attica, N. Y., on the 3d inst., occasioned by the non-appearance of the musicians who were expected to join the party at that point. The boys returned to Buffalo, leaving "footprints in the snow."

NEWCOMB AND ARLINGTON'S MINSTRELS will appear at Buffalo on the 18th and 19th inst.

SKIFF AND GAYLORD'S MINSTRELS will vocalize at Buffalo on the 28th and 29th inst.

BUCKLEY'S MINSTRELS are in want of a good bass singer, one who can read music. The party applying will not be required to black up. See advertisement.

NEWCOMB AND ARLINGTON'S MINSTRELS perform in Rochester, N. Y., on the 15th and 16th inst.

BURGESS AND LA RUE'S MINSTRELS are announced with flaming heralds and advertisements to appear at the Maryland Institute, Baltimore, on Monday, 14th inst.

LEAVITT & CURRAN'S MINSTRELS, consisting of M. B. Leavitt, J. H. Carroll, Geo. C. Franklin, Edw. Fitzgerald, H. T. Allen, J. C. Curran, Wm. Crombie, Allen Reynolds, J. H. Price, H. E. McDevitt, Johnny Leavitt, Chas. H. Colburn, Geo. M. Parker, F. E. Mortimer, Jos. Davenport, Young America and George W. Nixon, were announced to commence a brief season at Williams' Hall, Boston, on the 14th inst.

SUSETTE AND CLIFTON'S MINSTRELS "went up" in a small town in Indiana lately.

R. M. HOOLEY, who is manager of Hooley's Minstrel Hall, in Brooklyn, a popular place of amusement with all Brooklynites, is one of the most go-ahead live managers in the show business. He never allows the interest taken in his entertainment by the public to flag for a day. Ever on the alert to obtain all available talent, and to produce the latest novelties, he is constantly introducing to his patrons either a new face or a new sensation. The panorama of "A Hurrah Trip Around the World" has proved so attractive that it is kept on the boards for the current week. A. M. Hernandez, without doubt one of the most versatile performers living, has been secured, and appears this week in a pantomime, in which he will play on fourteen instruments. He will also appear in his laughable scene called "The French Dancing Master."

WASH. NORTON was to have opened with Carncross & Dixey' Minstrels, Philadelphia, on the 14th.

SHARPLEY & SKIFF'S COMBINATION was at Auburn, N. Y., on the 11th and Geneva 12th. The route ahead is—Canandaigua, 14th; Penn Yan, 15th; Elmira, 16th; Williamsport, 17th; Pitston, 18th, and Scranton, 19th.

AN ORCHESTRA LEADER, one who can play on the violin, and E flat cornet or tenor horn, is wanted for Duprez & Benedict's Minstrels. See advertisement.

MINSTREL PERFORMERS.—Attention is hereby directed to the advertisement of Charles Birman, who wants an end man, middle man, banjoist, wench dancer, etc.

DINGESS & GREEN'S MINSTRELS brought their traveling tour to a close at Penn Yan, N. Y., on the 7th inst.

THE GEORGIA MINSTRELS "went up" at St Albans, Vt., during the week ending the 5th inst. They are, however, billed to appear in Baltimore on the 21st and 22d inst.

RAYNOR'S MINSTRELS were announced to give two entertainments in Harrisburg, Pa., on the 14th and 15th inst.

DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS are conspicuously billed about the city of Newark, N. J., announcing one entertainment at Library Hall, on the 17th.

Music Halls.

DEAD.—Dora Freeberthyser, the ballet girl, who was so shockingly burned from her gauze dress taking fire at the Varieties, St. Louis, on New Year's eve, died on the 3d inst. Her sister Julia, who was severely burned in attempting to extinguish the fire, it is reported, will recover. They are the daughters of Fritz Freeberthyser, the venerable musician, and the original Swiss bell ringer, who came to this country under the auspices of P. T. Barnum.

THE VARIETIES, Detroit, Mich., continues to meet with a fair share of public patronage. On the 7th the "French Spy" was produced, with Jennie Allen as the Spy, J. S. Edwards as Mohammed, Harry Clifford as Toney and Fannie Archer as Col. De Courcy. On the 10th Mr. J. R. Healy (late manager of Young Men's Hall), made his first appearance at the Varieties as Carwin, in the drama of the "Orphan of Geneva."

MAX WALTERS, late manager of the Academy of Music, San Francisco, was arrested on Dec. 11th for grand larceny. The facts of the case are as follows: "Max has been managing the Melodeon troupe at the Academy of Music, but was not successful, and found that running a theatre in San Francisco was not so easy as it looked. Business from bad became worse, and there was every prospect of a collapse, when a couple of men engaged the theatre for a fancy dress and masquerade ball. Max sold the tickets, and took some three or four hundred dollars, which he carried home with him, and not seeking out his employers to make his returns, they began to suspect that he was going to act dishonestly with them, whereupon one of them swore out a warrant, charging Max with grand larceny." The case was heard on Dec. 13th, but was postponed until the 17th, in order that the prosecution might introduce additional evidence.

CHARLEY FLORENCE, late of the Philadelphia Music Halls, has appeared in San Francisco.

KITTY O'NEIL maintains her popularity at the Olympic, San Francisco. She has become a great favorite in that city, and tempting offers from opposition managers have already been made her. Harry Courtaine continues at the Olympic.

THE AMERICAN, Buffalo, will probably be re-opened in the course of a fortnight with a new company.

CARR'S VARIETIES, Buffalo, is said to have been attended by sparse audiences during the past week. The Antonio Family closed there on the 12th, taking a "ben" on the 11th. Johnny Perkins was to have appeared on the 14th.

THE VARIETIES, Detroit, says our correspondent, "Meteor," "is about the only place in the city that manages to hold its own, notwithstanding the fact that the company is not as good as it might be. During the first of last week Jenny Allen's French Spy was the best thing on the programme, the exposure of her ravishing form being a caution to tilters. Fanny Archer still warbles in dulcet strains as in days of yore, but most of her songs are relicts of the same ancient period. Mr. T. R. Healy opened at this place on the 10th, performing in the "Orphan of Geneva."

THE VARIETIES, Memphis, has lost Ned Banker, Charley White and Billy Manning, who have withdrawn from the establishment.

THE OLYMPIC, Memphis, has closed.

THE VARIETIES, Little Rock, Ark., is open under the stage management of Ed. De Haven, with the following performers: Louisa Payne Wray, Ada Wray, Tom Clannon and Ben Brown.

JOE WILLIAMS, a performer of considerable ability, returned to San Francisco from Honolulu on Dec. 15th.

FOR THE VARIETIES THEATRE, late Ellsler's Athenæum, Columbus, Ohio, talent in various specialities is wanted by the proprietor and manager, John Weaver. See advertisement.

LEON DE BERGER having leased the American Theatre, Baltimore, Md., was to open it on the 14th inst.

JERRY HOPPER, a local favorite in Fort Wayne, Ind., was the recipient of a benefit on the 7th inst at the Varieties in that city. A well selected programme was given, and Mr. Hopper appeared in a number of his best acts. The house is said to have been so crowded that the doors were closed as soon as the performance commenced.

WM. MCFARLAND has appeared at Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh, in the drama of "Nick of the Woods," and remains there this week. Kate Partington is also there.

FANNY HILLINGTON, a young lady well known in the concert halls out West, died of consumption, after a long and severe illness, in Cleveland, O., on Jan. 3d.

JOHN WEAVER, we are told, is to open the Athenæum in Cleveland Ohio, as a Theatre Comique, on or about Jan. 16th.

Miscellaneous.

ALF BURNETT has the opening of L. C. Hopkins' new Music Hall, corner Fourth and Elm streets, Cincinnati, Ohio; said to be a perfect gem of a hall, the frescoing of which cost $3,000. Burnett opens on Jan. 30th. On the 17th and 18th "Alf" shows forth before the Library Association at Dayton, Ohio, and on the 25th and 26th at Terre Haute.

FATHER KEMP'S OLD FOLKS have possession of Masonic Hall, Pittsburgh, Pa.

MDLLE. Louise, the Drummer Girl of the Potomac, has fully recovered from her severe illness, and is now ready to make another noise in the world. She is tarrying at the residence of her step-father, T. J. Oldfield, in Cleveland.

KEYSTONE LODGE, No. 235 F. & A. M., are to give an entertainment on the 17th inst., at Washington Hall, Williamsburgh, in aid of the Masonic Hall and Asylum Fund. It is to be hoped that the friends of the cause will lodge a heavy sum with the masons who have built up the Keystone to its present proportions.

FIRE!—Red fire for show displays is advertised for sale in another column by H. F. Bay.

A PIANIST of either sex is advertised for in another column by J. Sylvester Welch, to travel with a panorama.

JOHNSON'S MAMMOTH STEREOSCOPTICON gave an entertainment at College Hall, Albion, Mich., on the 5th inst. The audience seemed delighted. The proprietor went from there to Battle Creek to give three exhibitions before the Ladies' Library Association. This exhibition is said to be one of the finest that has ever visited that section. The statuary embraces some of the choicest gems of art.

THE HOSPITALITIES of the Quaker City can be secured by showmen and others at Gibbons' Hotel, where, we are informed, the best of everything can be obtained at low rates. It is centrally located, and the claims of the proprietor, S. W. Gibbons, are made fully manifest by a number of unquestionable references. Those of the profession, therefore, who may visit Philadelphia, and seek the good things of this life, should not forget the Gibbons' Hotel.

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY—tribe of John—were in Peoria, Ill., on the 7th inst.

CORRIE, the lecturer, recently with the Panorama of the Tour of Scotland, is now at liberty to accept an engagement, as will be seen by advertisement in another column.

INFORMATION WANTED of the present whereabouts of Simon Blitz, who ran away from his home in Cincinnati, Ohio, about three years ago. He is supposed to be with a minstrel party. Any information of his present location will be thankfully received by his bereaved parents.

ROUGH TREATMENT.—Prof. Hughes, a poor crippled fellow, who has been a hard working miner in California, and got pretty well mashed in a tunnel out there, sought some way to make a living. He accordingly visited Colusa, a small town in California, and gave a sleight of hand performance. There were some "roughs" in town, and it was said, before the performance commenced, that the "boys" intended to have some "fun" out of the showman. Accordingly, when the performance was over and the man had paid $5 license and $10 for the use of the room, and as he started down the stairs of the Court House, he was knocked down and a pistol fired off to frighten him. He was then cuffed around after he had fallen down the steps.

MR. AND MRS. HOWARD PAUL gave their first entertainment in Washington at Metzerott Hall, on the 7th inst., and continued every night during the week. On the opening night the hall was packed. Their entertainments are very pleasing, and properly managed they should not fail to become very great favorites. "The Dream of the Reveller," by Mrs. Howard Paul, and "When George the Third was King," by Mr. Paul, are alone worth the admission. Mrs. Howard Paul, in her imitation of the great English tenor, Mr. Sims Reeves, is said to be exceedingly correct. They open in Philadelphia on the 14th.

FATHER KEMP'S OLD FOLKS CONCERT COMPANY opened at Odd Fellow's Hall, Washington, D. C., on the 8th, for three nights and a *matinee*. There was a very large audience in attendance. Father Kemp very wisely keeps his tariff down to twenty-five and fifty cents. Emma Nichols, or, as she is called, the "Jenny Lind of America," appears at each concert and thinks no more of getting through without less than two *encores* than Tony Pastor expects to get off with five. The troupe called at the White House on the 10th and were cordially received by the President, who was pleased to listen to an anthem, which was finely given by the troupe.

THE FAKIR OF VISHNU commences a week's engagement in Harrisburg, Pa., on the 16th inst.

MEMPHIS CLUB HALL, Memphis, Tenn., claimed to be one of the best in that State, and having fine stage, dressing rooms, scenery and other needed appointments, may be rented for long or short terms by addressing Sol. Hesse, as per advertisement in this and following issues of the CLIPPER.

A LADY VOCALIST is wanted to travel with a panorama. See advertisement.

A GOOD VIOLINIST, as leader, and who can play on a brass instrument also, is wanted for a well established variety troupe. See advertisement signed "Ohmo."

EMPIRE HALL, Wilmington, Ill., with a seating capacity of 600, and having good appointments and comfortable in arrangement, may be rented for first class exhibitions by addressing as per advertisement in another column.

ELLINGER AND FOOTE'S COMBINATION entertain the people of Newport, Ky., on the 14th and 15th inst.; Covington, 16th and 17th; Madison, Ind., 18th and 19th; and Louisville, Ky., from the 21st to 26th. The combination seems to please wherever they give performances, and elicit frequent eulogies from the press and public. The Cincinnati *Enquirer* of a late date says of them:—"The entertainment is of an exceedingly enjoyable character. The extemporaneous effusions of Mr. Harrison are apt, witty, replete with humor and never halting, for the rhyme is at his finger, or rather at his tongue end without a pause, and he has the facility of grasping every present incident *instanter*. He is, too, one of the best comic singers we have ever heard, and an immense acquisition to the performance. The troupe includes a capital violinist and pianist, Professor Brooks, and a very pleasant vocalist, whose name we did not learn. Altogether, it is a capital performance."

JACKSON HALL, JACKSON, MICH., is provided with a novel and peculiar feature—having lodging rooms in connection with it which troupes may occupy, and by boarding at a first-class restaurant kept near the hall.

A GIFT MAN IN THE HANDS OF THE PHILISTINES.—In Brooklyn, one day last week, a man who has had a panorama on exhibition was arrested on the complaint of Mrs. Mary C. Benton, who accuses him of false pretences and keeping a lottery. It appears that, in connection with the show, prizes are supposed to be distributed to parties holding "lucky numbers." Mrs. Benton purchased a ticket and attended the entertainment, receiving a programme with the number 390. At the conclusion of the show the prizes were distributed and 390 drew the piano, worth about $300. Mrs. Benton stepped up to present her number, but it appeared that a small boy in the audience also held a programme with 390 and the piano was given to the boy. It was intimated that Mrs. Benton had altered the figure 9 on her programme from a 1. The accused was taken before Justice Cornwell and held to bail in the sum of $500. The examination will take place on the 16th.

MR. AND MRS. HOWARD PAUL gave the musical portion of their entertainment at the White House, Washington, on the 11th inst., before President Johnson and the members of the household.

DORLAND'S MILTONIAN TABLEAUX was in Mobile, Ala., all last week.

HOUDIN the beat, alias J. H. Haskell, alias the "Fakir of Siva," whom we gave a showing up in the columns of the CLIPPER some time since, is billed to be in Mobile, Ala., this week, with his daughter *Caroline*. This lady is his wife, and he not long since actually left her in a town in pawn with a landlord for board.

A BASS SINGER, one who can read music, is wanted for Buckley's New Entertainment. One not given to ye intoxicating cup is required. See advertisement.

MISS M. WILHELMENIA IVES' concert is to come off at New Haven, Conn., Jan. 17th, assisted by Miss Addie S. Ryan, of Boston, and an orchestra under the leadership of Dr. Stoeckel.

PAPA BATEMAN announces another farewell concert at New Haven, Conn., Jan. 15th. As Parepa sung there with her bonnet and cloak on in a *matinee* not long since, thereby insulting her audience, a large attendance is not expected.

MR. HARRY MACARTHY is at present traveling through the West, giving entertainments. He was in Indianapolis, Ind., last week, and for not behaving himself as all good loving citizens and showmen should, was hauled over the coals. Our correspondent says:—"Mr. Harry Macarthy, author of the 'Bonnie Blue Flag,' did a poor biz last week, and was honored with a visit before the mayor and fined twenty-five dollars for intoxication, for shouting for Jeff. Davis, singing rebellious songs and glorying in his having been in the C. S. A., and of his having taken the effects of the Union soldiers and sold them for rebel money, &c. He expects to show in Lafayette this week."

"THAT COMICAL BROWN," humorist and vocalist, assisted by William Hayward, balladist, are performing in Massachusetts. On the 17th they are to be in Charlestown and 18th at Chelsea.

ARNOTT'S MIRROR OF THE WORLD, a most attractive exhibition, with considerable other paraphernalia, is offered for sale cheap in an advertisement in this and succeeding issues of the CLIPPER.

A COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT and ball to Mr. Lewis Howard, of the Howard House, Freeport, Ill., was to have taken place there on the 15th inst.

WOODROFFE'S GLASS BLOWERS, who have been performing in Buffalo, N. Y., the past week, at St. James' Hall, have changed their base of operations, appearing this week in the same city, but at the Opera House. Mr. Kimball is agent for the party.

THE SPAULDING SWISS BELL RINGERS gave a performance in Auburn, N. Y., on the 7th inst., to a fine audience. A correspondent says:—"The entertainment was very fine, and gave, if I may judge from the frequent *encores*, complete satisfaction. The bell ringing was the best thing of the kind we ever heard. The musical feat of performing upon the harp three pieces of music at the same time, by Miss Georgie Dean Spaulding elicited a perfect storm of applause. Mr. Spaulding's violin solos were excellent."

HUGH HAMALL was presented on the 9th inst., by the St. Patrick's Society of Montreal, C. E., with a handsome gold medal, having inscribed on it the following:—"Presented to Mr. Hugh Hamall by his friends and fellow citizens as a mark of honor due his superior talent as a balladist. Montreal, January, 1867." On the obverse of the medal is the harp, entwined with the shamrock and other national emblems of Ireland.

Amateur.

THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY CLUB of Boston gave their sixth entertainment of the season on the 9th inst. The plays were, "Day After the Wedding" and "Lend me Five Shillings." A correspondent says:—"Ferd. Converse and Miss Mary Davis, who have done the leading business of the Club for two seasons, were excellent in their respective *roles* of Col. Freelove and Lady Elizabeth, and played with all the ease and confidence of old professionals. Mr. Hazelton, who is a popular comedian, convulsed the audience with laughter by his admirable representation of Mr. Golightly. Miss Julia Gaylord is quite a favorite, and bids fair to become an actress of much ability. All the members of the Club performed in a creditable manner."

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

MRS. JOHN WOOD has been more favorably received in London since she appeared in burlesque. She appeared on Dec. 23d at the Princess Theatre as Don Leander in "The Invisible Prince." The *Era* says:—"Mrs. Wood was thoroughly at home in the part assigned her, and spoke the neat and wittily turned words and sang the old songs and parodies with hearty relish. She looked very charming and handsome, and her pretty face and figure were displayed most advantageously in the splendid dress and appointments she wore."

The London *Sunday Times*, in a lengthy notice, says:—"Mrs. Wood is a true burlesque actress. She looked her part charmingly, and acted with spirit, subtlety and vivacity, which make extravaganza artistic. She sang with taste and archness, and there was remarkable freshness about both singing and acting. A few twangs and nasal sounds were amusingly introduced. Her whole impersonation was full of fun, and quite void of vulgarity. In parts of this kind she is a real acquisition to our stage."

The Daily *Post* adds:—"It is gratifying to be able to state that there is every prospect of a British public endorsing the favorable verdict pronounced on Mrs. Wood's embodiment of the part by our Transatlantic brethren. Mrs. Wood is capital in burlesque. She enacts the character of Prince Leander in a most dashing manner, and with an amount of 'go' which has plenty of breadth, but no vulgarity. She has, too, a capital voice, and she manages it with effect. Moreover, she has caught the true spirit which should animate a burlesque actress, so that the character in her hands has all the attributes that its author intended."

"FAUST" has been burlesqued by the Moore-Christy Minstrels, and produced at their hall in London, Eng., as the Christmas piece. It has been placed on the stage in a handsome manner, and it is thought that it will enjoy a long run. Unsworth appears as Mephistophiles. His make up for the *role* is said to be perfect. The *Post* says:—"His dress, without being in the slightest degree gaudy, was splendid enough to excite the respect and admiration of those in whose estimation the tailor makes the man. It was of a uniform bright crimson, from the cap to the hose, the doublet being cut and pointed in the old Italian style, and tastefully decorated with glittering spangles. By his side hung a handsome golden-hilted sword. A remarkably hooked nose, a diabolically curved pair of eyebrows, which emitted a sort of sulphurous light, and long, thin peaked moustaches of a whitish hue, gave a highly fiendish aspect to his sable visage. His vocal powers also were quite equal to the music. To impersonate the charming and heart-winning heroine, Marguerite, Mr. Eugene had a task of no ordinary difficulty assigned to him; but it is simple justice to say that the part was marked by all the spirit and *abandon* which have hitherto marked this artiste's performances. The well-known jewel song was among his musical selections, and he sang it with marvelous fidelity and brilliant execution, receiving well-merited applause at the hands of the audience."

A CURIOUS ACCIDENT.—A short time since one of the ladies of the ballet at the Theatre *de la* Porte St. Martin, Paris, wore on her head a steel crown, surmounted by a star, to which was attached a wire connecting with an electric battery, which, when in play, elicited sparks of fire; but the shock proved too severe, and the *danseuse* was struck senseless on the stage; she soon, however, recovered, and resumed her place.

THE IMPOSTOR SPOTTED.—The individual who has been playing star engagements at the provincial theatres in England, under the name of "Joseph Booth, the American tragedian," has been tripped up in his little game. He proves to be Henry Marble, son of the late Dan Marble. He was formerly connected with the Leavenworth (Kansas) Theatre.

MR. CONWAY, for many years treasurer of the Olympic Theatre, London, Eng., died on Dec. 21st, 1866. He was about 55 years of age.

HENRY WEBB, one of the Brothers Webb, of Drury Lane Theatre, London, Eng., and late lessee of the Queen's Theatre, Dublin, was in a very precarious state at last accounts, having ruptured a blood vessel on Dec. 23d, just after the termination of the performance.

ARTEMUS WARD continued, up to last advices, to attract crowded audiences to Egyptian Hall, London, Eng. The description of his journey from Salt Lake to New York has proved one of the events of the season.

FECHTER re-appeared in London, Eng., at the Lyceum Theatre on Boxing night, in a new version, by the author of "The Mariner's Compass," of an old Porte St. Martin melo-drama, "Trente Ans; ou, La Vie d'un Joueur," by M. M. Victor Ducange and Dineaux. A version of it in three acts, from the pen of Mr. H. M. Milner, was produced many years since at the old Coburg Theatre, and gained, at the time of its production, a large amount of popularity. Its title was "The Hut of the Red Mountain; or Thirty Years of a Gambler's Life." Very considerable alterations have, however, been made in the present version, and a mere resemblance in the framework of the plot is all that remains. The audience summoned Mr. Fechter at the close of all the striking scenes, and awarded him a hearty round of applause at the conclusion of the piece.

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Seats may be secured six days in advance.

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EDWIN BOOTH
will appear for the FIRST TIME at this Theatre in the character of BERTUCCIO, in Tom Taylor's play of
THE FOOL'S REVENGE,
THE FOOL'S REVENGE,
adapted from Victor Hugo's play entitled "Le Rois s'Amuse."
MISS RACHEL NOAH,
(first appearance in New York), as FIORDELESIA.
MISS IDA VERNON............as............FRANCESCA
MR. BARTON HILL............as............DELAQUILLA
Messrs. Leffingwell, Duell, Donaldson, Miss Cushing, Miss Andrews, &c., in the cast.
WEDNESDAY EVENING, ROMEO AND JULIET.
EDWIN BOOTH AS ROMEO.
THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY EVENINGS,
THE FOOL'S REVENGE.

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The Largest and Most Perfect Minstrel Company ever Organized. Universally admitted and undeniably the CHAMPION TROUPE OF AMERICA, and the acknowledged Autocrats of Minstrelsy. Twenty-four Distinguished Ethiopian Artists, including the Celebrated Metropolitan Favorite, and Eminent Burlesque Actor and Comedian, S. S. PURDY; and the most Original and Witty End Man ever in the Profession, W. H. EAGAN.
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An entire new programme by the largest and most versatile company, and most extraordinary combination of Instrumental, Vocal, Comic and Terpsichorean Talent ever confederated in one organization. Each and every member an artist of eminence in his speciality.
THE MANAGER begs leave to call attention to the long array OF DISTINGUISHED NAMES CONSTITUTING THIS REMARKABLE CONFEDERATION.

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CHARLES CHURCH,	SIGNOR BRANDISI,
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Comedian, Vocalist and Versatile Actor, and
NELLIE SANFORD,
Juvenile and Walking Ladies, with excellent wardrobe, having just concluded a very successful engagement of four months, can be engaged by responsible managers by addressing.
JOHN L. SANFORD,
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American Artists (by birth or adoption) in every branch of the Circus business, desirous of visiting Paris next season under the most favorable auspices, in competition at the
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and who feel competent to cope successfully with the best European performers, may apply in person or by letter to either of the undersigned, stating lowest salary,
IN GOLD,
for six or twelve months. American performers in other lines, not strictly Circus, but adapted to presentation in the Ring, may also apply. The expedition will leave New York early in April, and representations commence about the 1st of May.
JOHN J. NATHANS, New York City.
G. R. SPALDING, Albany, N. Y.
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Banjos at all prices. Terms of tuition, $5 per course.
N. B.—On receipt of $1 I will send three written lessons on the Banjo or Jig Dancing. 40-3t*

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having announced that she possesses the right to produce
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notice is hereby given that the only party owning said right is
MR. J. E. McDONOUGH;
and all managers presenting said play, or others, written by Dion Boucicault, Esq., without permission or authority, will be held responsible for an infringement of the rights of author and proprietor. All communications may be addressed to
JOHN H. SELWYN, Stage Director,
40-tf Wallack's Theatre, New York.

TO CIRCUS MANAGERS.
THE KING FAMILY (four in number), Equestrians, Gymnasts, Vocalists and Danseuses, are now at liberty to negotiate with responsible Circus Managers for the season of 1867. Address
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VALER'S WINTER GARDEN,
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A SIDE SHOW CURIOSITY,
GIANTESS or FAT WOMAN preferred.
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Theatrical, Musical and Equestrian Agent,
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THIS ELEGANT HALL IS NOW TO RENT.
It has recently been re-fitted and is in the best Location in the City, and SECOND TO NO OTHER HALL IN THE STATE.
Parties would do well to apply BEFORE ARRANGING ELSEWHERE to THOS. CARR, Agent,
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MECHANICS' HALL,
HAMILTON, C. W.,
Fitted up with New Stage, New Scenery and Dressing Rooms, has been leased for a term of years by the undersigned.
Concert, Operatic, Minstrel and Pantomime Troupes visiting the Canadas can arrange to play short seasons, alternating between Toronto and Hamilton. Parties desiring to engage Mechanics' Hall for a number of nights after Jan. 15th, address
J. C. MYERS, Manager,
Royal Lyceum, Toronto, or
ALEX. RUTHERFORD,
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AND MUSICAL PROFESSION.
MR. SHERIDAN CORBYN
Would respectfully inform FIRST CLASS STARS that he is prepared to enter into engagements for seasons of thirty or more nights at the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, which is the largest, best located and most popular dramatic temple in California. He will also engage first class Minstrel and Variety Performers, for seasons of fifty-two weeks, for the Olympic Theatre, San Francisco. All contracts made for these establishments are on a GOLD BASIS. Address SHERIDAN CORBYN,
Theatrical Agent for California,
Care of Clipper Office,
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VARIETIES THEATRE (Late National),
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P. C. KINSLAND & CO., Proprietors; CHARLEY WHITE, Stage Manager. This temple of amusement is now open for the seasons of '66 and '67, with an entire New Company, and has been thoroughly renovated; new scenery, mechanical effects, &c., and now seats 600 persons. First class talent may address P. C. KINSLAND & CO., Varieties Theatre, Memphis, Tenn. Professionals going North or South, by way of Memphis, will find it to their advantage to open correspondence with the management.
37-3m*

MISS FANNY B. PRICE.
will commence an engagement at Savannah, Ga., Dec. 24th, (two weeks); at Charleston, S. C., Jan. 7th, (three weeks); at Augusta, Ga., Jan. 28th, (two weeks); at Montgomery Ala., Feb. 25th, (two weeks.)
Address
39-2m D. HANCHETT.

PERSONS wishing to secure the services of LEVI J. NORTH and SON, for the coming season, with his trick Horses and Ponies, can do so. Address Columbus, Ind.
I have for sale Trick Ponies, also the horse Mars, the finest and best trained horse in America. One pad horse for sale. 39-5t*

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For traveling companies, and have on hand a large and splendid assortment of large and small
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A deposit required on all work ordered. 36-tf

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CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD!—I hereby challenge the whole world to produce a couple of human beings more diminutive than Com. Foote and his sister, in weight, size, age or education. P. T. Barnum advertises the smallest man and woman living; this I deny, and challenge him in the sum of $50,000 to produce their equal. Com. Foote wears the Gold Medal which was presented to him at the capital of the United States, as being the smallest man alive. Address to me, care of FRANK QUEEN, Clipper Office, New York.
COL. WM. ELLINGER, Preceptor to
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Sole Proprietor of the Combination.
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STONE, ROSSTON & MURRAY'S CIRCUS
Will open for the
REGULAR WINTER SEASON,
MONDAY NIGHT DECEMBER 10TH, 1866,
With one of the
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A BETTER STOCK OF HORSES,
A FINER LOT OF PONIES,
DOGS, MULES AND OTHER ANIMALS,
than have ever been brought before the public.
ARTISTS OF ABILITY
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who are desirous of appearing at the
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RE-ORGANIZED, ENLARGED AND IMPROVED,
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THE LARGEST HALL ENTERTAINMENT IN THE U. S.
SUCCESS GREATER THAN EVER.
Besides the many peculiar features which have made this company so famous, there are now introduced, for the first time, many attractive novelties. Also, new names, new faces, new acts, new dresses, &c., &c.
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FRED. AIMS...............................Manager.
H. W. WILLIAMS...........................Stage Manager
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First class performers will always find engagements, by applying as above. 32-3m*

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Who has handsome Wardrobe, and quick study, wants an engagement with some responsible manager.
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This Hall is new, and a beautiful and well ventilated structure. I have thrown it open to all traveling entertainments on reasonable terms; will seat Fifteen Hundred Persons.
Valparaiso is situated on the Pittsburg and Fort Wayne R. R., forty miles East of Chicago.
W. C. PARKER,
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M'LLE. ADAH ISAACS MENKEN,
(MRS. JAMES BARKLEY.)
At the conclusion of her present engagement at the
THEATRE DE LA GAITIE, PARIS,
will play in New York, previous to her return to California.
38-tf Letters care of FRANK QUEEN, Esq.

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BOB HART & BEAMER..............................Proprietors
GRAND OPENING NIGHT.—MONDAY, DEC. 31st, 1866,
With the BEST COMBINATION OF ARTISTS ever presented to the New Orleans public, consisting of
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SENSATION COMIC SINGERS,
ECCENTRIC IRISH COMEDIANS,
MAGNIFICENT BALLET, &c., &c.,
The whole forming a constellation of stars seldom equalled and never excelled in this or any other city.
Special Notice to Performers.—We give no matinees or special performances on every imaginary holiday. Talent of acknowledged ability will be liberally treated with through their agents
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may be engaged by addressing him in care of the
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GOOD SALARY,
for the traveling campaign of 1867.
Refers to all his former employers, including the "Great Yankee Himself;" also to the following well known gentlemen:—John J. Nathans, P. A. Older, Geo. R. Bronson, James Melville, Den Stone, R. S. Dingess and Luke Tilden.
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All communications relative to
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And creating a sensation unparalleled in dramatic triumphs, must be made to CHAS. M. BARRAS,
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NOTICE TO MANAGERS.
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Also, Dion Boucicault's last Drama, now being performed at the Lyceum, London, entitled
THE LONG STRIKE.
Added to which the sole right to E. H. House and Dion Boucicault's Drama,
ARRAH NA POGUE.
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LAFAYETTE NIXON has added to his Establishment, the CARLTON HOUSE, at the corner of 4th avenue and 14th street, New York City, a splendid LUNCH COUNTER, for the refreshment of visitors throughout the day and evening.
He is also ready to receive and impart equestrian intelligence to all such as honor him with a call in reference to professional business, without cost. 27-tf

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THE WORLD'S FAVORITE TROUPE,
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Return of the Gigantic, Ever Welcomed and Famous
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From the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans,
CROWNED WITH NEW LAURELS AND IMMENSE SUCCESS.
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This beautiful new Hall will open on or about the 20th November, 1866.
Persons of known ability in the profession can find remunerative engagements by addressing
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promptly executed in workman-like manner. The Dayton Daily Journal is the leading paper in the city. Information will be promptly given concerning Hall for Concerts, Shows, &c.
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Stage recently enlarged. Also new scenery and a first class piano. Terms $10 per night, or $50 per week. This Hall never advertised in the Herald. [33-3m*] W. JACKSON.

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The New Grand Comic Trick Fairy Pantomime, entitled
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HARLEQUIN JACK AND GILL
AND THE UNLUCKY PAIL OF WATER,
Produced under the direction of the great Pantomimist,
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The brilliant and beautiful Danseuse,
M'LLE AURIOL,
has been engaged expressly for the Columbine. Clown, by the celebrated Tony Denier.
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This new and splendid Hall, built at a cost of One Hundred Thousand Dollars, and capable of seating
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Is now offered for
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This Hall is 105 feet long, 75 wide, with dressing rooms; stage, 24 feet deep, with side and footlights. The above Hall will seat over 1,800 persons, and is fitted with Scenery (flats).
It is every way adapted for Theatres, Concerts, Panoramas, Lectures, and all first class Exhibitions.
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Will make a PROFESSIONAL TOUR of the principal cities the coming season, assisted by the talented young actor,
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